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ANNIVERSARY OF EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION MEETING IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

ADDRESSES BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, SENATOR WILSON, JUDGE RUSSELL, MRS. HARPER, AND OTHERS.

THE sixth anniversary of the act of emancipation was celebrated yesterday by a public meeting in the Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the "National Association for the Spread of Temperance among the Freed People of the South." The opening session was begun at 10 1-2 a. m., when the assembly, which was rather small on account of the snow-storm, was called to order by Mr. William Wells Brown. Passages of the Scripture were read by the Rev. Rowland Connor, and the Rev. L. A. Grimes led in singing and prayer.

The emancipation proclamation was read by Mr. Emanuel Sullivan, a colored student in Harvard College, and a poem, entitled "The Triumph of Freedom," was recited by Miss Henrietta A. Gray of Cambridgeport.

The opening address was made by the president, Mr. Brown, who very briefly congratulated the meeting on the abolition of slavery and the election of Gen. Grant as President. He recognized the fact that the black man is yet wronged, but expressed his confidence that his political and social rights would soon be gained.

The Rev. Rowland Connor was the first regular speaker. He likened the emancipation proclamation to the Magna Charta, but deemed it better, because it blessed a race of poor people, while the Magna Charta benefited favored classes. The proclamation taught us the true force of a moral idea, and the brotherhood of humanity, which was the corner stone of our government.

The Rev. L. A. Grimes followed. He said he yielded to no one in gratitude, and regretted that he had not the power of expressing it. He remembered well waiting in the Tremont Temple six hours for the proclamation, and the joy with which Judge Russell was greeted as he came into the door with the despatch. He spoke of being in Richmond a year ago and assisting to convert the slave pen into a church. He also saw the old auctioneer selling newspapers on the street, getting in poverty the just reward for selling human beings. He briefly compared the present with the past condition of affairs respecting slavery, considering the difference as cause for the greatest rejoicing.

Mr. E. H. Uniac spoke for a few minutes in another strain, submitting that the negro had not his rights. He ceased speaking, before finishing his argument, to make way for the Rev. W. R. Alger, for whom the platform had been waiting.

Mr. Alger said that one common ground of rejoicing was the production of a condition of a common and universal nationality by the war. In consequence of the rebellion and the emancipation proclamation our country was no longer divided into two sections, with diverse interests, but united and prosperous. He stated he had prepared no extended speech, and with the suggestion and illustration of this idea he retired.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper recited a portion of her poem entitled "Moses." She said it did not refer to him who was to have been the colored people's Moses, but who turned fisherman and fished out the Egyptians. The selection was short, and at about quarter past twelve o'clock the meeting adjourned to 2 1-2 p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention reassembled at 2 1-2 o'clock pursuant to adjournment. The attendance was quite small; between three and four hundred persons only being present. William Wells Brown presided and introduced as the first speaker Richard T. Greener, a student of Harvard College.

REMARKS OF MR. GREENER.

To Wendell Phillips and Gov. Andrew, he said, Massachusetts was indebted more than to any other persons for the privilege of free speech which was here enjoyed. They stood out from the multitude and advocated the rights of the black man in the darkest hour of the republic, when the negro saw no hope except through emancipation, and even that seemed far in the future. But the war broke out, and military necessity compelled the government to issue the emancipation proclamation. This was the turning point in the condition of the colored race, and raised them from a condition of servitude to that of exalted manhood. Abraham Lincoln will receive his just meed of praise in time to come; the danger is that the early abolitionists will be forgotten. The trials and sufferings which these men endured demand that their services should be recognized and remembered with gratitude by every colored person in the land. The black man gained the right of suffrage by the war, and many now fill important offices under the government; but the rights which they now had were but the precursors of those which are to come. The black man has the right to vote in the South; he must also have that right in the Northern States, and a supplementary bill to the civil rights bill, a political rights bill must be passed by Congress to secure to him that right, and protection in the exercise thereof. When this shall be done the colored race will have an additional cause of rejoicing, for their greatest hopes will be realized.

At the close of Mr. Greener's remarks, Wendell Phillips was introduced, and received with applause.

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

This was the first time, Mr. Phillips said, that he had been present on one of these anniversary occasions. He came now solely at the very urgent entreaty of the chairman of the meeting. He was very free to confess that he had no particular heart for this celebration; he had no particular enthusiasm to rejoice yet over the first day of January, 1863. He did not like to hurrah until the battle was ended; at least he had no particular calling to rejoice until we were out of the woods, and the conviction of his mind was that we were by no means out of the woods yet. While he rejoiced as much as any man ought to over the great act done by Abraham Lincoln when he secured the destruction of chattel slavery, there rested such a cloud still upon the present and future position of the colored race, that his anxiety was greater than his joy. We had suffrage given to the negro, but suffrage under the circumstances was almost like the right of going to law; every man had it, but unless he had a hundred dollars to pay his expenses, it would be a bare right. As Horne Tooke said, everybody had a right to go to law; so everybody had a right to live in London Tavern, provided he could pay for it. So we had given the negro suffrage, but up to this hour we had never given him any protection in the exercise of that right; we had never made the right practical. If the negro had exercised it in the South, he had exercised it at the risk of starvation and at the risk of death. Only here and there, in favored localities, had he enjoyed it as we enjoy it. He acknowledged the courage of the black race, and their determination, which caused them to caste so many colored votes; it was a noble testimony of the value which the negro sets upon suffrage. Every man who knew the South knew at what dread risk every single one of these votes was cast. He had far more anxiety in looking at the government, than he had joy in remembering this anniversary. Until he could have a free field, an unmixed feeling, he had always refused to come on to this platform on the first of January. You could not make government; governments grew. The Republican party, and the President, together, had left in the hands of the white race, the lands, the railroads, the banks and the banking privileges of the land, and at the back of these, education. If you will give me, the speaker said, one-half of the votes of Massachusetts, the railroads, the banks, and the land of the State, I will laugh at the other half for the next twenty-five years. But you could agitate, resist, and argue, mature and ripen public opinion, and you would defeat me in the end. Ideas are immortal, and they are the only things that are. In the Southern reconstructed States the policy of the dominant party had been such that to-day the negro with the bare ballot had got to outweigh all the forces of civilization, which it was impossible for him to do. His having the right of suffrage was a mockery.

The negro had no force, as he stood alone against the government. The speaker looked anxiously, he said, at the question whether we were to have such a force behind the law as would give the negro a bare chance for an outside backer. At the present time there was no protection for person or property in the South which would induce men or capital to go to the help of the blacks.

Mr. Phillips said he did not wish to be understood as having any final despair; he had not. He knew that God reigned, and justice would triumph. He had a very fair faith that it would triumph under one flag, but he was not absolutely certain. Whether we were to govern this belt of continent under one flag or two, required some ten or fifteen years hence to tell. He sooner expected to see Jefferson Davis in a senatorial chair than to see the negro race enjoying suffrage as the inhabitants of Massachusetts did, within the next ten years. He did not despair. He knew that the Anglo-Saxon race had always absorbed every other race with which it came in contact; no matter where it was planted, the Yankee race absorbs and gets into his own hands every other race, as the stronger always absorbs the weaker. He knew that it would absorb the weak white race in the South. The Yankee would put his eyes and hands on the soil and capacity of the South, and the Southerner might just as well, like Captain Scott's coon, come down. There was not vigor nor pluck enough in the South to resist the permeating influence of the dominant Yankee race.

There was no doubt but the end would be reached: his anxiety was about the path through the forty years in the wilderness by which Canaan was to be found. That Canaan consisted in extending Massachusetts down to the gulf, which in due time would come. What our government forgot was that it had no right to send guns into South Carolina unless to send our ideas. We had got to send our ideas now; we lost a glorious opportunity which would not come again except at the close of another such struggle. We stood now with a new question before us, and not that which we might have settled so well in 1865. The white race which thoroughly hate the blacks was now in possession of the forces that controlled those States. For a settlement now, we have to rely upon the purpose of the North, and the bias of the incoming President, if anybody knew what that was. He never would deceive us for he never promised anything. What his bias was nobody knew. When the fourth of March lifts the curtain, and reveals to us who the actors in the drama are to be, we shall be better able to judge whether out of him we are to get that great constable—that efficient sheriff—who will execute the law vigorously, and give such protection to capital and labor as will give to us the only hope we have of sending our civilization into the South. It is to soon to hurrah until all danger is passed. The right to vote and the right of representation were two distinct rights, and we are not safe until the black race possessed both. It was the old struggle between feudalism and democracy. What we want is a vigorous and relentless purpose, and the speaker said he had rather look forward than backward. The great duty of the republican party was to guarantee suffrage in the most permanent possible form. Whether suffrage was to be a practical right depended upon Gen. Grant and the next administration. Whether it should be a perfect and irrevocable fact depends upon public opinion, which should demand the insertion into Constitution of an amendment guaranteeing suffrage beyond any possible legislation.

The duty of the friends of the colored race now was to hold up the hands of the Republican party and all its radical element, so that before the next Congress dissolves we shall have, anchored and riveted into the Constitution, a prohibition resting on every State forbidding any distinction in political privileges on account of race. That is the work we have to do, and every effort should be turned in that direction during the coming two months, leaving every other ground untouched.

While Mr. Phillips was speaking, the Shaw Guards entered the hall, and took seats in the gallery. The next speaker was Hon. Henry Wilson.

REMARKS OF HON. HENRY WILSON.

Mr. Wilson said that they had just listened to the acknowledged foremost orator of the country and he was happy to say that he concurred in nearly all that Mr. Phillips had said. He was a more hopeful man than Mr. Phillips, and he believed we would not cease our efforts until perfect liberty, perfect equality of rights, and perfect equality of privileges, were secured to all men in the United States of every race and every term. Nine years ago the Southern slaveholders held possession of the country, but to-day they were broken and powerless, and their slaves by the law of the land are citizens of the United States. They were in the legislatures of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas; they have been in the legislature of Georgia, and by God's blessing they would go there again. One of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated, in violation of every principle and every right, has been perpetrated in Georgia; but we had the right under the 14th article of the amendments of the Constitution to protect the black man in the right to vote, and to be voted for, and it should be done. He trusted that Congress within the next six weeks would submit such an amendment to the people of the United States as should give every black man the right to vote and to be voted for throughout the whole country, and to protect them in that right. We have States enough to adopt such a Constitutional amendment; therefore, he was for submitting such an amendment, giving equal rights and equal privileges; and when it is in the Constitution, public sentiment will be strong enough to enforce it. It was among the wonders of the world that the black men of the South filled the offices they now filled, and that so many of them had voted. The Democrats in the South pledged the North that they would carry their States, and they used all the means of intimidation in their power to do so, but they succeeded in carrying only two States which should have voted for Gen. Grant. If there was one thing which the people voted for in the last election it was that protection should be given to our colored friends in the South. Gen. Grant is pledged, and the obligation rests upon him to protect by the whole power of the government the loyal men in the rebel States, and the speaker said he knew he would attempt to do it. He had strong faith also in the Congress of the United States; it had always been in advance of the people; let the people satisfy their representatives that they will be supported in any measure, and they are ready and willing to put it through. He had faith in the President elect, faith in the Congress of the United States, and faith in the American people; in the long run they would come out right.

If an amendment was passed giving equal rights and privileges to all, he believed it would be ratified by the people of the country. And when this amendment was adopted, it would not be long before its provisions would be carried out in every locality throughout the land. We had made great progress in the past eight years, and lifting up our hearts in gratitude to God, we would march steadily on until black and white, rich and poor, should have equal rights and equal privileges under the law.

At the close of Mr. Wilson's remarks, the audience were favored with some music by the band.

Rev. J. D. Fulton was next introduced. His heart was full of hope, he said. He had confidence in Gen. Grant, and in the Congress of the United States, and he thought the time was coming very soon when we shall see this nation truly reconstructed, and a man be regarded as a man, and have the rights of a man from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We were to see in the future a bright opening such as had never been seen before, when the universal brotherhood of man should be recognized. The colored race had especial cause for rejoicing, and as he looked upon the sky it seemed full of brightness, and the hour is full of hope and promise.

Mrs. Harper recited an original poem, after which the meeting adjourned for the afternoon, by singing "The morning light is breaking."

EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was opened with the singing of "Glory Hallelujah," after which Miss Virginia F. Molyneux read selections from speeches of anti-slavery orators.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE RUSSELL.

The Hon. Thomas Russell was then introduced. He said he had but one word to say, and in view of what had been said during the day it was hardly necessary to say that word. It was pleasant, however, to go back in memory to that night when they were gathered in the Tremont Temple, waiting in doubt and trembling for the proclamation. He remembered the shouting and joy as the glad news came, and, more than the shouting and joy, the tears of old abolitionists who had served faithfully in the Temple for thirty years, who were then almost ready to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." It was natural to go back and think of the dark days; to think of Burns, Sims and Latimer; when to be true to liberty even in Boston was to risk martyrdom. He had stood and heard the sentence of death pronounced on John Brown, and he could see that the present occasion of rejoicing was from the blood and tears of other days. John Brown rose indeed when Abraham Lincoln issued the proclamation of emancipation, and a lesson of hope and faith should be learned from such circumstances. He remembered that on the night of waiting for the proclamation there were doubts as to whether the emancipation would be of any avail, but on the same night, came the news of the glorious victory of Murfreesborough, foreshadowing the coming complete triumph. This triumph was all the more glorious because we could not gain it until we had re-enforced ourselves with the artillery of eternal justice. From Gen. Butler at New Orleans they had the distinct declaration that victory could not be obtained until justice was done to the slave. Before Butler made that declaration, before Abraham Lincoln set his hand to the proclamation of emancipation, another general had written that we could not hope for victory except by emancipation; that dearly as he loved peace, he did not wish for it until justice was done to the slave. The great man who uttered that sentiment, and who then confirmed it at the mouth of his cannon, was elected last November President of the United States. (Applause). He found Grant preceding even Lincoln in liberty for the slave, and he was the same now as then. Another sentiment of his, said before a Southern audience, was—"Human liberty is the only true foundation for human government." In concluding, Judge Russell said, We have a practical work to do. With the emancipation, with the destruction of slavery, comes the destruction of that which was the heart and soul of slavery; for slavery never could have existed if it had not been for the wicked spirit of caste. It was prejudice against color which riveted the chains of the slave, and now that slavery is gone every vestige of that wicked spirit must be banished from the land, and from the law which recognizes no distinction between man and man. Every wicked prejudice, unjust sentiment, every blasphemous denial of the equal rights of man—they had all gone with slavery which was their cause. Now we were not only to give freedom to the slave, we were to emancipate our own hearts; it was not merely to give liberty to the bondman, but freedom to ourselves. Every degrading prejudice, every narrow prejudice, must be removed, and then at last liberty, equality and fraternity would be written on our statute book, and all men should honor the land where equal rights of men were the foundation of the government.

Mr. Brown expressed regret at the non-appearance of the Rev. Dr. Clarke, Mr. Garrison, and the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, who were expected to be present and speak, and stated that he had letters from them accepting his invitation to do so. He also read a letter from Gen. Butler, communicating his inability to be present, and expressing his sympathy with the object of the meeting.

MRS. HARPER'S REMARKS.

Mrs. Harper, having been presented, said the last eight years had brought us wonderful changes, great victories, and grand satisfaction. Instead of the weary wasting night of the rebellion, we have lived to see the dawn of peace and the sunshine of victory; instead of slavery being the dominant power of the land, we had lived to see that deadly enemy of the human race at our feet. Its death blows were ringing in our ears, and the words of triumph are upon our lips. Canada was formerly the only true free soil in this country; but the events of the last few years had extended that free soil from the lakes to the gulf. The facilities for education had also been placed within the reach of the former slaves of the South. Slavery was dead, but the spirit of violence in the hearts of the white race in the Southern States was not dead, for the black man is still trampled under foot, and beaten into the dust of death. The great leaders in the anti-slavery cause were eloquently eulogized by the speaker, and several instances of heroism and devotion in the black race were related. The future of this government was referred to. No nation, Mrs. Harper said, is better situated to be the leading nation in the world. It should show to the world the best government and the best civilization, distinguished not merely for the wealth of its coffers, the greatness of its armies, the power of its fleets, the abundance of its resources, but in this, the true glory of a government and civilization, that under it the humblest and poorest man has just as much right and justice as the child of the President in his chair or the Governor in his seat. Such a government will be enthroned in the hearts and affections of every right-minded man and woman in this republic, because it will represent justice and the highest exponent of our civilization—the most faithful landmark and sign of progress and development.

At the close of Mrs. Harper's remarks, the president made a brief closing speech and the meeting dissolved.—*Boston Advertiser, Jan.*, 2.

THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

ADDRESS BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

From the New York Evening Post.

MR. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY last evening delivered a brilliant address at the Academy of Music, before a very large and most respectable audience, on the occasion of the celebration of the sixty-fourth anniversary of the New York Historical Society. Hamilton Fish presided, and in introducing the orator said his name belongs to no single country—to no single age. As a statesman, a diplomatist, and a patron, he belongs to America; as a scholar, to the world of letters; as a historian, the ages will claim him in the future.

Mr. Motley was warmly received. After complimenting the Historical Society for the work it is doing, and paying an eloquent tribute to the grandeur, wealth, power and luxury of this city, the speaker said:

"The world's great hope is here. The future of humanity—at least for that cycle in which we are now revolving—depends mainly upon the manner in which we deal with our great trust. The good old times! Where and when were those good old times? 'All times, when old, are good,' says Byron:

"'And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death,'

says the great master of morals and humanity. But neither fools nor sages, neither individuals nor nations have any other light to guide them on the track which all must tread, save that long, glimmering vista of yesterdays which grows so swiftly fainter and fainter as the present fades off into the past. And I believe it possible to discover a law out of all this apparently chaotic whirl and bustle—this tangled skein of human affairs, as it spins itself through the centuries. That law is progress—slow, confused, contradictory, but ceaseless development, intellectual and moral, of the human race. It is of Human Progress that I speak to-night. It is of progress that I find a startling result when I survey the spectacle which the American present displays. The nation stands on the point towards which other people are moving. It has put itself—or rather destiny has placed it—more immediately than other nations, in subordination to the law governing all bodies political, as inexorably as Kepler's law controls the motions of the planets. The law is progress; the result democracy. Nearly forty years ago the clear philosophical mind of De Tocqueville was so impressed by this comparatively infant republic, the phenomena of which he had examined with microscopic minuteness and with statesmanlike breadth of vision, that he exhorted his countrymen and Europe in general to accept the fact that democracy was the preordained condition of the human race—a condition to which the world was steadily tending—and to seek happiness in conforming to the divine command, instead of wearing themselves out in futile struggles with the inevitable. Circumstances, mainly due to now very obvious phenomena in the policy of this country, to which the philosopher did not pay sufficient heed, have retarded the result, but is again signaling its approach with swiftly augmenting speed. Whether it be a bane or a blessing, it is all-important for us to accept and make the best of it.

THE INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY.

The lecturer spoke of the influence of slavery as follows:

"But to the birthday of the infant America, around whose cradle, obscure as it was, so many good spirits had invisibly clustered, one malignant fairy had not been bidden, and her name was Privilege. And even, as in the story-book, she sent a curse to avenge the slight. Almost on that natal day—we know the tale too well, and have had cause to ponder it bitterly—came the accursed bark with its freight of victims from unhappy Africa, and Privilege had silently planted in this virgin soil the seeds of her future sway. It was an accident—if anything can be called accidental in the grand scheme of creation—yet out of that grain of mustard seed was one day to sprout an evil to overshadow this land; to poison with its deadly exhalations the vigorous atmosphere of freedom. Oligarchy grew up and held its own side by side with democracy—until the time came for deciding whether the one principle or the other was in conformity with the eternal law. Chemistry resolves the universe into a few ingredients. What, for example, is a man? Take a little hydrogen and oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, potash, lime and sulphur, with a pinch or two of salt, and there is your hero or your prize-fighter, your Plato or your Washington. And political chemistry is no less subtle and rapid in its analysis. Oligarchy is resolved into the same gaseous vapors on one side, the ocean on the other. So soon as it was demonstrated that the slave power rested on divine right; so soon as it was ascertained on authority that the Bible ordained not negro slavery merely, but human slavery without distinction of color, as a divine institution, so soon as it had been proclaimed that 'the Bible argument in favor of slavery was its sheet anchor;' so soon as it had been categorically stated at the South 'that slavery is just, natural, and necessary, and that it does not depend on difference of color'—so soon as the new evangel had announced that 'experiments of universal liberty had failed, that the evils of free society are insufferable, and that policy and humanity alike forbade the extension of its evils to new people and coming generations,' and that 'there was no solution of the great problem of remitting the interests of capital and labor, so simple and effective as to make the laborer himself capital'—in all which statements I am only quoting literally from eminent slave power authority—it became obvious that the identity of Privilege, whether cis or trans-Atlantic, was perfect. Grace of God, Right Divine, property in mankind claimed by human creatures superior to mankind, military dominion, political priesthood—what all these but the nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, lime and potash, out of which privilege always compounded? Yet this great innocent, ingenuous American Demos rubbed its eyes with astonishment—as its great fight with oligarchy began—to find no tears running down the iron cheek of Privilege. Why, Privilege would have been an idiot if it had wept in sympathy with the Demos. Slavery and serfdom have been abolished throughout Europe, but so long as the soil of many great empires belongs to an exquisite small minority of the inhabitants, are not Wamba, the witless, and Gurth, the swineherd, almost as much born thralls to their master as if his collar was still upon their necks? 'Patriotism,' said Samuel Johnson at the epoch of our war of independence, 'is the last refuge of a scoundrel.' His parents, you remember, believed in the divine right of a royal queen's finger to cure the scrofula. And there have been a series of Dr. Johnsons from his day to ours, all over Europe, to denounce patriots and republicans, especially when they are causing interruptions to trade. So close an electric chain unites America and Europe, so instantaneous are their action and retroaction, that the American civil war, at least in Western Europe, became as much an affair of passionate party feeling as if it were raging on that side the Atlantic. 'I had no idea,' said a very eminent statesman to John Bright on two different occasions, 'how much influence the example of that republic was having upon public opinion in England, until I discovered the universal congratulation that the republic was likely to be broken up. And yet, strange to say, in spite of the breathless interest with which the result and the daily details were watched for, it would be difficult to exaggerate the ignorance enwrapping the general mind of Europe as to the merits and meaning of the conflict. * * * * * * *

"Perhaps, however, if they knew what was said of them here they might be almost as much amazed as we used to be in America at the wonderful discoveries made by Europe concerning our politics, geography, history, statistics, national character, Constitution, and condition during the late civil war. It was not that light was impossible. The thinkers and the workers were never misled; the brains and the bone and muscle of Europe were in the right place. Without mentioning other illustrious names which might be cited, I will remind you but of this. There was one man in England—greatest and truest of all—who made our cause his own through good report, and bad report, and whose voice found an echo in every patriotic heart in this country; whose intellect shone like the sun through the mists of passion and prejudice obscuring the cause of liberty; a man whose public speeches will always be treasured on either side the ocean as models of earnest thought, and pure, English eloquence; a statesman whose simple Anglo-Saxon name will be always dear to lovers of liberty everywhere, in future time as in the present; you know that I mean John Bright. And the great conflict went on while the world stood wondering. Never in human history has there been such a battle with such a stake. It was not for territory, empire power. It was not merely for the integrity of the vast Republican heritage. These things, though precious, are of little worth compared to the sacred principle concerned in the struggle. For it was to be decided whether the great law of history which we have been tracing was a truth or lie; whether the human race has been steadily although slowly progressing, or whether we have been fatally drifting back to chaos. For surely if freedom is an evil from which society, new or old, is to be saved, and slavery the great remedy and the great hope for the world, the only solution of political problems, then is the science of history the most dismal and contemptible of all imaginable studies. It was not a question for America, but for the world. The toiling multitudes of the whole earth are interested in the fate of this great republic of refuge, which receives and protects the oppressed of every race. 'My countrymen who work for your living,' said John Bright at Birmingham in 1863, 'remember this, there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that republic should be overthrown.' But the game was fought out, and both winners and losers are the gainers. The South, while deeming itself to have lost all save honor, will be more prosperous than it ever dreamed of ere a generation of mankind shall have passed away. Let its 'bruised arms be hung up for monuments' along with the trophies of the triumphant North; for the valor, the endurance, and self-sacrifice were equal on both sides, and the defeated party was vanquished because neither pride of color nor immortal hate can successfully struggle against the inexorable law of freedom and progress."

THE house of Mr. Middleton, Savannah, Ga., was burned by the Ku-Klux on the evening of the 28th ult., and the crops, upon which he depended, entirely destroyed. No attempt to arrest the perpetrators was made.

IS LOUISIANA FREE?

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR: In your paper of the 23d ult., alluding to the question asked in the caption of this letter, you have the following paragraph:

"Is Louisiana a free country? It seems that a man may not publish a Republican newspaper there, nor vote for a Republican candidate. Editors are mobbed and voters are beaten or murdered."

And this paragraph I notice copied through out the South by the Rebel press, and ridiculed, blackguarded, and denied. This is natural, and perhaps should not be complained of any more than a snake should be brained for biting. Still, it is deemed no harm to kill the reptile for doing that which it is its nature to do; nor do I take it as being at all amiss to refute a falsehood, even when uttered by a natural liar.

You are remarkably well posted in regard to Southern affairs, and seldom make the least deviation from the literal truth in speaking of matters in this section. When you do chance to do so, the naturally false and willfully corrupt Rebel press, from "Dan to Beersheba," from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, will take advantage of such an item to announce as false all you say. For instance, you use the following paragraph in regard to myself:

"Mr. Jasper Blackburn, Editor of *The Homer* (La). *Iliad*, the destruction of whose office we reported yesterday, has been repeatedly through the fires of persecution, and has come out of them more resolute in his opinions than before, as always is the case with political martyrs. He was mobbed several times during the war for his Union sentiments; he was threatened with the halter, and with his wife and children he was forced to take refuge in the swamps. It seems that he is hardly safer under the rule of Andrew Johnson than he was under Jefferson Davis; but under President Grant we think Mr. Blackburn will have peace."

The only deviation here from the literal facts is in placing "swamps for pine hills." That is all. And yet the rebel press will swear the entire paragraph is a falsehood. But it is natural for rebel editors to swear that the truth is a falsehood as it is for the devil to hate holy water.

Well do you say I am no more safe under the rule of Andrew Johnson than I was under that of Jefferson Davis. Not as much so. For, in the midst of the war Jefferson Davis did peremptorily order the bloodhounds of persecution and murder to let me alone. Andrew Johnson has never done this; and yet I have been more bitterly and persistently hunted down and persecuted since than during the war. At one time during the war I had to take to the pine hills to save myself from being hanged for having defended Mr. Johnson, or against what I then termed blackguardism and villification of the Rebel-Tory press of the South. I have since had the pleasure of relating this fact to his face; and I told him flatly that his "policy" had placed in the hands of those traitors who thus hunted me down for having defended him, cudgels with which to beat my brains out. I told him that ever since the war I had been compelled, on account of my loyalty and devotion to my country and my government, to flee my native land, and ask at the hands of the Northern people—the loyal Congress—patronage and support sufficient to save my family from actual starvation. And such is the plain, unvarnished truth. And yet, Mr. Johnson "cared for none of these things," and perhaps never will. I care not whether he does or does not, so that Gen. Grant may.

But what about freedom in Louisiana at the present time? You have been thoughtful enough to ask the question, and bold and candid enough to state facts in connection therewith, which virtually answer it. There is now no safety for any man, black or white, who is known to be a faithful and outspoken friend of the Federal government; and the man who, being acquainted with the facts as they really exist, and states differently, is a wilful and malicious liar. That is the word. It is coarse, I know and vulgar; but it is the very word that will express the truth in the premises, and therefore I use it.

It is true, as you state, that Republican editors are mobbed, and voters beaten or murdered, and often both. I might instance my own case as a fair sample of what is going on all over the State. No one will say that I have personal enemies, or that I have been at all abusive or offensive in my editorial course, especially during the last year or so. And yet I have been twice mobbed within the last few months; and it is now openly and defiantly asserted in this town that "Blackburn ought to know that *we* will break up his office as fast and as often as he may reëstablish it." True, every Rebel or Democrat here does not say this. Some advise me to go ahead and reëstablish my paper, and say I shall be protected; still, the language I have quoted is openly and defiantly used, and there is no one to molest or make the parties who use it afraid. And, moreover, it is well known here who mobbed my office; and yet the public is afraid to have them arrested or disclose their names! Is this freedom? Is this safety? Not much! And not only this, on my last return from Washington, in August last, I was waylaid by assassins, and escaped murder only through a seeming special Providence. I knew nothing of this till it was all over, and was informed of the disgraceful facts by a leading Democrat, who is my personal friend. And I have many such, or I would long since have been murdered. These friends now tell me I will have to be guarded and protected on my route to the river when I leave home again. They offer to do it. I have been detained at home by sickness until now, but expect to leave for Washington in a few days. I have a land route of sixty-five or seventy miles before I reach navigation; and it is over this portion of my travel that I was before waylaid and watched, and over which my Democratic friends now tell me I will have to be escorted! If this is "freedom in Louisiana," then I want no more of it! I think a rose by some other name would smell as sweet.

But it would be useless to dwell in print upon these lamentable truths. Some means more potent than words will have to be used before there is any freedom in this land *to any but the enemies of liberty*. The champions of treason in this nation have what they term freedom—a kind of libertine and licentious anarchy. Not the "champions" of treason either, in the true or original sense of the term; the real orignal leaders or champions of the Rebellion are now the better class of that order; but those who are now creating so much disturbance in this country, are of a far lower order of beings. They did before the war that dirty work of the slaveholder; they would now rather die than to work, and have turned to murder and pillage for a livelihood.

And, sad to say, but it is no less strange than true, this class of creatures are upheld, fostered, and *set on* by the "Southern press," *so called*—the Rebel Tory press—the only class of newspapers which may now be published in this land of

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freedom, with impunity and safety! Verily, "is Louisiana Free?" *We shall see!*

Your obedient servant,

W. JASPER BLACKBURN.

Fifth Congressional District, La.

—*N. Y. Tribune*

NASBY.

MR. NASBY CASTS ABOUT FOR A CITY OF REFUGE AND DECIDES UPON NEW YORK.

POST OFFIS CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is the Stait uv Kentucky)
Dec. 5th, 1868.

THE eleckshun uv Grant hez hed a most depressin effeck upon the undersined. The fact is becomin painfully evident that I cannot very long remain here. Uv course, Grant will give the offis wich I now hold to Pollock, and uv course Joe Bigler will be his depity. This will end me; or ruther it hez ended me. Bascom last nite peremptorily refoozed to give me credit for likker onless I cood in some way sekoor him in the matter uv pay. Sich is life! Bascom is rapashus, but my bowels are more so, and I wuz compelled to give him a mail bag for enuff to last me two days.

It don't require much figgerin for me to ascertain just how long I kin subsist on wat government property I hev in my possession. The two mail bags will buy enuff whiskey for two days; the locks belongin to em, one day more; the boxes I spose I kin sell for enuff to run on a week; and then there is the tables, chairs, stove, and a few other articles wich I kin dispose uv. To recapiculate:

2 mail bags.	4 days.
2 locks.	1 "
10 boxes with glass fronts, ez good ez new, never hevin been yoosed.	6 "
2 chairs.	2 "
1 table.	1 "
1 stove, with place to heat water for whiskey punch.	6 "
Total.	20 "

There is the stamp with wich dates are put onto letters, the cancellin stamp, and one or two other pieces uv government property, wich may possibly be make available for one or two more days. Then there is a possibility—a bare possibility—that some one uv our people may send a letter containin a remmittance to a gift enterprize; or some one abroad may send money by mail to some one at the Corners, in wich case I shel hev supplies for a longer period. But this is a mere straw to ketch at. Ez our people don't read they are not apt to send money on the strength uv advertisements, and besides they aint got the money to send. Bascom hez it all.

From this time out my life is prolonged misery. I'm like a man in a boat in the rapids of Niagry. The plunge over the falls must come.

In cleanin out the Government property I hev in my possession, I am only follerin Dimocratic precedent. Wat wuz left, let me ask, wen Buchanan's people went out uv place? It's my misforchoon and A. Johnson's crime, that I'm in a place where there's so little to steal. A. Johnson hez yoosed me most vilely. I hev labored for him; I hev supported him—and this is the beggarly reward for a sacrifis so great! There are hundreds wich never did the half I hev for him, who hev places wich, ef they hev ordinary skill, will yield em hundreds uv thousands when they go out, while I hev only enuff Government property in my hands to furnish me sustenance for less than a month! And this is wat A. Johnson wood call gratitood? This is the reward uv virchoo!

Upon the whole I don't know but that it is ez well that I shood leave the Cross Roads. The fact is, a community made up entirely uv Democrats aint a pleasant place for sich ez me to live into. Ez I hev to live onto the people, its ruther thin pickin where the people hev nothin theirselves. Uv wat yoose is it to hold offis wher ther ain't nothin to tax? Ev I wuz a Whiskey Inspector, or Collector or Assessor, I mite possibly wrench a tolerable subsistence from our distillers here, Elder Pennibacker and Captain McPelter. But A. Johnson made Elder Pennibacker Whiskey Inspector, Capt. Mc. Pelter, Assessor, and Bascom, who hez an intrest in both distilleries, Collector. In consekence uv this ingenious arrangement the Internal Revenoo isn't diffoosed very much. The intelligent citizens are averse to labor, save wat they hev to do to pervide em with sustenance, and they keep it so hot for the niggers, who are the only ones who will work, that they don't accumulate anything. I wuz Justis uv the Peece here one year, but uv wat avale wuz it? I hed collections enuff put into my hands, and the defendants wood come up with the utmost cheerfulness and confess judgment, but alars; the defendant never hed nothin that cood be attached, and the plaintiff wuz never good for the costs.

The Post Offis was worth suthin, for it gave me credit. I was a Federal officer, and bein one, I inspired the people with awe. Ez no one takes papers here or resecvs or sends letters, the perkisits ain't large, but then I hev posishen.

I shel go to Noo York. In Noo York is a field pekoolyerly adapted to me. In Noo York aldermen and city offishels go ez mourners at the funerals uv prize-fighters; in Noo York they elect gentlemen on skool-boards which are unable to write their names; in Noo York John Morrisey wuz elected to Congris, and in Noo York little Sammy Cox got into posishen. In Noo York Ben. Wood is a power, and Fernandy Wood hez influence. Lookin at these things I feel that there is hope for me.

Financially I know that it is all right. In Noo York there is fifteen millions per year to be stolen, and the facilities are so magnificent ez to make livin off the city nothin but luxuries idlenis. When I wuz there last and saw how easy it wuz I reely blushed for my sex.

Politically it coodent be no better. The Dimocricy uv all the rest uv the country kin be tetched, but our Irish fellow-citizens uv Noo York are invulnerable. They are splendid men and most consistent in their Dimocrisy. There is no people in the world wich so love liberty—none wich hev sich a determinashen that all men shel be free—ceptin, of course, niggers and others wich don't agree with them. The hatred wich the oppressed O'Murphy bears to his English oppressors is only ekalled by his desire to hev a nigger wich he kin smash into the dust. There is in the Irish character an invincible hatred uv slavery—onless they kin be the masters; and an undyin love uv ekality till they git on top. The nigger is, however, their specialty. Ez there is thousands uv niggers in Noo York, and ez Dimocrisy in that city means killin a nigger, there aint no danger uv our ever losin that note. Shood the nigger race run out our party wood languish, but it wood only be for a time. So important is this idea to us that the leaders uv the Dimocrisy wood search the earth from the North pole to the South, to find some race wich the Noo York Dimocrisy cood reasonably claim to be sooperior to. I don't know whether there is sich a race on the face uv the globe, or not, but ef there is, it wood be found and importid, for sich a race we must hev. So long ez there's a nigger ther'll be a Dimocrat.

At the Cross Roads there ain't nobody to tax—in Noo York the elements are better mixed. The opulent merchants and bizness men uv that charmin city make a million a yeer apeece, and consent like gentle lambs to be sheered uv two-thirds uv it to support some thousands uv gentlemen who pay nothin. In Noo York we hev suthin solid to go onto. Our majority can't be disturbed, and those wich don't pay taxes don't care how much them wich do are taxed—and half uv them wich don't are directly interested in taxin them wich do. The Captins uv the tens git their share—the Captins uv the fifties and hundreds likewise, only more so. And ez their force makes the majority ther aint no appeal from this.

In Kentucky I am dependent upon the General Government—in Noo York they wood like to hev the Fedral offisis, for they can't get too much, but ef they don't hev em they don't care very much. They only put the suction closer on the city treasury. The only reason why any biznis men voted for Seymour wuz that ef the Rings got the Fedral offisis they mite possibly be easier on the city treasury, and let them off with less. That is, they wantid the whole country to assist in supportin the Rings, instid uv bein compelled to do it theirselves alone.

The only thing that stands in the way uv my acquirin politikle influoence in Noo York is the lack uv sufficient capital to start a grosery with. Ef I kin get that capital I shel start it, on a corner ef possible. I shel git control uv ten votes, wich by joodishus repeatin kin be make to count fifty. Then I hev suthin positive. With these votes back uv me I kin insist upon a share—with money I kin get more votes—with more votes, more money; and with money I kin buy posishion. In Noo York the startin pint is a few votes, and votes is got by whisky. My pint is to git control uv a trifle more whisky than I kin consoom myself.

Thank the Lord for Noo York! Its not the only place where there's Dimocrisy, but its wher Dimocrisy kin be made the most profitable. I shel in time go to Congris—I shel hev contrax to cleen streets; I shel furnish armories with black walnut, silver-mounted gun racks, and I may possibly hev ten or twenty yeers on the new court house.

Uv course when I go to Noo York I shel change my name to O'Nasby and my first name to Michael.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster).

A COLORED BISHOP.

From the New Orleans Tribune.

THE Church of England has honored itself, as a professed Christian body, by appointing a colored man, a native African withal, to the bishopric. We are happy to record this event as one of the signs of the times. When that Church, in its American branch, shall confer the same distinction upon a worthy colored clergyman of their persuasion, in the South, we shall be still happier to note the transaction. But it is a long distance between Africa and America, and we fear that the spirit of caste may postpone such an election to a distant day. However, we live in "fast times," and there is no telling how soon the spirit of Christian fraternity may cast out the prejudices of generations.

We clip the following from a contemporary journal, as sure to interest our readers:

"Some years ago, a company of slave catchers in Africa went out on their horrible business. At midnight they surrounded a village. They set fire to the huts in different places. When the frightened people ran into the fields and woods to escape the flames, the wretched men who were there seized them and made them prisoners. A little boy named Adjai was caught that night. He was separated from his mother and sisters. He was carried down to the coast and put on board a crowded slave-ship, to be carried to the island of Cuba and sold as a slave. An English cruiser captured that slaver. The slaves were carried to Sierra Leone, and put into the Mission School there. Adjai soon learned to read. He became a tutor, then a teacher, then he became a Christian and joined the Church. Afterwards he was sent to England to be educated. Then he was ordained as a minister. He went out as a missionary to his own country. His mother, who had never seen him since the night in which the slave-stealers burnt their village and stole them away, heard the gospel from his lips and became a Christian. Afterwards he was made a Bishop; and so he, who once was little Adjai the slave-boy, is now the Rt. Rev. Samuel Crowther, Bishop of the Niger. He is the first colored man in connection with the English Church who has ever been made a Bishop. And now he goes up the river Niger and far into the interior of Africa, carrying the Bible to those who have never heard of it before."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will take place at Boston, in Horticultural Hall, on Friday, January twenty-ninth, at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing through the day and evening.

The pressing emergency of the hour and the vital question now in debate will, we trust, gather all the friends and members of the Society and all interested in the negro race to this meeting. The National action of the next six months will go far toward deciding the fate of our question for some years, for Grant's administration and perhaps for that of his successor. Gather then, and make the best use of this opportunity.

The following friends will address the meeting: WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, AARON M. POWELL, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, ABBY K. FOSTER, Mrs. F. E. W. HARPER, CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq; and it is hoped that Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS, RICHARD T. GREENER, W. J. LINTON, and WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, will also be present and take part in the debates.

J. T. SARGENT, President.

C. K. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fifth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Thursday, January 28th, 1869. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

We summon our friends to what it seems possible that a united and vigorous exertion may make the last effort.

All the signs of the times promise that, if the radicals are faithful to their hour, there will be grafted into the National Constitution a clause prohibiting the States from making any reference to race or color in their laws. Then the first great pledge of the Anti-Slavery movement will be fulfilled. The social prejudice, bitter and cruel as it is, only time can destroy. The manifold evils that afflict the colored race, born of Slavery may not, perhaps, be removed in our day.

But we pledged ourselves never to rest until all legal disabilities were removed. With rare unanimity the press of the Nation and Congress itself move toward this consummation. The long tossed vessel nears the port. One united effort and we may anchor beyond all future peril. This opportunity lost may never, or not for a very long time, return. The toleration of Johnson has lost us an opportunity which no future time will restore. We have not merely lost four years. We shall never stand again able to save and to guard as perfectly as we could have done in 1865. What we have lost in treasure, blood and possibility is gone forever. This experience warns us to the sternest fidelity to-day.

It is said that the incoming President wishes this question settled before he assumes the Government. By one decisive effort, gathering into itself all possible influences—all agreed—we can gratify his wish before the 1st of March, and put the capstone to the brave toil of near forty years.

Let us then omit no effort that can possibly help to mature and intensify the Nation's purpose. The loyal men of the rebel States claim this of us. To them the South is anarchy and a field of blood. If the great opportunity of 1865 could have been seized, much of this would have been prevented. Now time and great social changes alone can put a complete end to these horrors. All we can do is to inform and ripen such a public opinion as will move the incoming Administration to the most prompt and effective interference. We ask, therefore, once more, for the means to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD, and press, by that and other instrumentalities, this duty on the conscience of the Nation.

Donations may be sent to R. P. HALLOWELL, No 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston]

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LAST DAYS

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS has yet forty-five working days. We have ceased to expect of it enough of virtue and good sense to impeach and depose Johnson. That his removal from office ought even now, at the eleventh hour, to be speedily accomplished, the Southern misrule, the frightfully long and daily increasing list of murdered Southern loyalists only too loudly and emphatically testify. On the shoulders of Senators and Representatives rests a joint responsibility, with Johnson, for the blood of the thousands thus murdered and needlessly sacrificed.

The least that can now be done is to put in the hands of our loyal allies at the South, black and white, the means of self protection. If, by confiscation, it is too late, to give the negro land, rightfully his due from the national government, it is not too late for Congress to put the weapons of self defense in his hands as a guarantee that the ballot shall mean something to him, beside starvation and death. This legislation, defeated at the last, should be consummated this session. It is more important than finance and tariffs.

Most important during these last days of this Congress is the passage of Mr. Sumner's pending National Political Rights Bill, or its equivalent; and a Constitutional Amendment, as a fundamental guarantee of equal political rights, the right to vote and to hold office, irrespective of race or color, throughout the nation. This action is urgently demanded on the ground of justice, and for the redemption of the nation's pledge to the colored race. The present is the golden opportunity. The requisite two-third vote can be had in both branches of Congress for both the Political Rights Bill, and for the supplementary Amendment. This will not be true of the Forty-First Congress. It should be the first and paramount business of the remaining days of this session to settle, on the right basis, the national political status of the negro race. Deprived of political rights to-day in most of the Northern, and all of the Border States, they have no guarantee of the perpetuity of the ballot in their hands wherever in the minority in the South. If our national bond of Union means anything beyond "glittering generalities," it should be a pledge and a guarantee against such oppression and political inequalities, with no justification or excuse other than race and complexional differences.

It is said that Grant wants this question disposed of before his inauguration by the guarantee of the negro's equal political rights throughout the nation. We do not know, who does? We hope the report is correct. If it is, he might do good service for an oppressed people and much also to "let us have peace," by writing a dozen lines expressive of his approval of the measure. Such words at this time would be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." There would then be no longer any doubt of the action of Congress, or of the requisite number of the State Legislatures.

This problem of the negro race if rightly solved and settled now will, as things are, give the possession of the government on a long lease to the now dominant Republican party. If the representatives of this party in the Fortieth Congress, lavish and wasteful of opportunity in the past, are so short-sighted, in a sense of fancied security, as to betray their trust in the interval between this and the fourth of March, and hand over the question to the uncertainty of the next Congress, their bad faith will prove as inexpedient for the party as it will be unjust to the negro.

With a Ku-Klux Executive in possession of the White House, and a tongue-tied, speechless successor chosen, great weight of responsibility is thrown upon the people, upon the individual citizen. The friends of freedom should everywhere be on the alert. The press should use all its immense power, and do its whole duty for the triumph of the right. Forty thousand pulpits should leave the sins of the Jews for at least one Sabbath and unite, in the name of God and the brotherhood of the human race, in an earnest appeal to Congress for a law and an amendment which shall abolish and forever prohibit all class and caste distinctions founded upon race or color.

A REMINISCENCE—MR. BOWLES.

THE recent summary arrest and imprisonment, in this city, of Mr. Samuel Bowles, of *The Springfield Republican* has occasioned much comment on the part of the press generally. Of course Abolitionists, with their experience of mobs during the last thirty years, have no words of commendation for such a proceeding as that in which the parties who conspired against Mr. Bowles, in the name of the law, were unworthily engaged. That there is, however, somewhat of "poetic justice" in such a visitation to Mr. Bowles will be seen from the following reminiscence:

About twenty years ago a slaveholder and his wife, from Georgia, came to Springfield, Mass., bringing with them a bright mulatto "slave girl" of about thirty years of age. On their way to Springfield, the girl revealed her condition as a slave, and expressed her desire to be free to some colored people on board of the same train. Information being communicated to the colored people at Springfield, they were quick to attend to her case, and to take steps to gain her freedom. A committee was appointed to secure the assistance of Dr. E. D. Hudson a well-known Abolitionist, a resident of Springfield, to procure a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, for her liberation. The slaveholder learning of the proceedings fled from Springfield to Northampton, taking his wife and "slave girl" with him. Dr. Hudson with witnesses proceeded to Northampton and held a consultation with the friends of freedom, and petitioned Judge Dewey of the Massachusetts Supreme court for a writ, commanding the Sheriff of Hampshire County to bring the slave girl from her claimant at the Mansion House, before him at his, Judge Dewey's, private residence for her freedom. The writ was obeyed immediately and the girl pronounced free to go where she pleased; that slaveholding was illegal in Massachusetts, where the slaveholder had voluntarily brought the slave to hold.

The slaveholder was filled with great wrath, and threatened dire punishment. Great excitement possessed the hotel keepers, editors of the Connecticut valley newspapers, and the Conservative whig sypathizers with slaveocracy. The interference of Dr. Hudson, the *Habeas Corpus*, and liberation of the poor slavery-stricken woman, were outrageous, not to be borne. Their Southern brethren would never come there to be thus outraged in their rights, social relations would be cut off, and the gains of the North by the craft of slavery entirely lost, unless such ill-advised, impertinent proceedings were stopped! Such was the speech of men of "property and standing." Such was the voice of the Connecticut river valley press, of the Northampton press, and of *The Springfield Republican*, Mr. Samuel Bowles, editor. Is it not all published in their sheets? Not the first word uttered then for human rights, personal liberty, etc., by those editors

The slave-holder went to Boston, retained Daniel Webster; and his confederate, it was said, procured a writ returnable at Boston, for the arrest of Dr. Hudson. The Whig Sheriff at Springfield, with alacrity, and extra-officially, examined the records of Hampden County—to place damages so high as to render them uncompensated by Dr. Hudson's real estate, and therefore an excuse for the seizure of his person. The act was perpetrated. Just after twilight, at evening, in the darkness, he was seized, dragged away from his family in spite of entreaties, taken to Springfield jail—handed over to the tender mercies of the Whig jailor, in sympathy with the oppressor, who unlike the Ludlow street jailor, put him up into the dirty room of the Western attic, under bolts and bars. There he was kept two days, subject to the vilest annoyances of the jailor, in retaliation for meddling with their slaveholding brethren. His rations were served to him on a single plate, on a small, dirty pine table. His bed made up of a long narrow bag, filled to repletion with straw, and made round and hard as a log, and his bedstead composed of four strips of boards nailed to four posts—without head or foot boards, were tumbled into the room for him to make up! Such was not Mr. Bowles' experience in Ludlow street jail, with a Democratic jailor!

"The men of property and standing," like those of the Boston mob, were all on the side of the oppressor, and unlike those of New York, withheld all sympathy for Dr. Hudson, offering no bail for his release. Not until *men of property* at Northampton could be notified, could Dr. Hudson obtain release *by bonds*, none at Springfield being sufficient. The arrest was designed so maliciously, as to require his appearance in Boston for trial. There, such friends of human rights as the late Gov. Andrew, and Wendell Phillips, took his *bonds* and managed his cause until the slaveholder cried enough, withdrew and fled. Thus ended, the vexatious, persecuting suit in behalf of slavery. The charge for which Dr. Hudson was arrested, it will be noted was for false imprisonment, for bringing the slave girl from the presence of her master before Judge Dewey on the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, at his private residence for her liberation.

Then Mr Bowles and his *Springfield Republican* demoralized by slavery, apologizing for, if not advocating it, cared little for "personal liberty," "liberty of the press," etc. Now the times are changed, and the tables are turned. Maliciously arrested himself for exposing what we presume to be financial corruption, he calls lustily for a combination of journalists for self protection. It will be profitable for Mr. Bowles, a whilom apologist for, and servant of the "lost cause," to reflect in connection with his recent experience upon his own position while the friends of human rights were waging war against the infamous slave system, their presses destroyed, themselves mobbed, in some cases murdered, imprisoned, and cast out as wholly evil; also upon his later captious abuse, not manly criticism, of Senator Sumner, and the best New England representatives of manhood and statesmanship.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We invite attention to the Call printed elsewhere for a Labor Convention to be held in Boston, Jan. 28th and 29th. Its purpose, the amelioration and improvement of the condition and circumstances of workingmen and women, is one of immediate and pressing importance. The right solution of the problem it presents is closely allied with the welfare and progress of the American people.

The Temperance Watchman is the name of a very well edited weekly journal, established a few months since at Trenton, N. J., under the management of Alfred Gibbs Campbell, Esq. It is devoted especially to the cause of Temperance in New Jersey. The influence of Temperance journals is greatly needed in New Jersey, as alas! everywhere else. Even in Vineland, where the retail trade in intoxicating drinks is prohibited by local ordinance, it is said, the law is evaded, and drunkenness is increasing, by the purchase and use of liquors by companies of young men who buy by the larger quantity and distribute freely among themselves. *The Watchman* is right in urging stringent prohibition.

The Philadelphia Morning Post comes to us since the beginning of the new year enlarged in size, and much improved in its typographical dress and in its general appearance. It is now sold for two cents. As a penny paper it was the best in its political tone and in its general appointments that has ever been issued in this country. Its editor, Mr. John D. Stockton, is a clear-sighted, vigorous man, and for straightforward, effective advocacy of radical opinion is without a rival among the journalists of the daily press. We accept *The Post's* good record hitherto as a guarantee of its future excellence, and hope it may reap the large measure of success it so well deserves.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Times and Conservative* publishes a Call signed by leading colored men for a State Convention, to be held at Topeka, the 20th inst., to adopt measures to secure the right of suffrage to all citizens of Kansas, irrespective of complexion. They ask very pertinently "why should ten thousand of the loyal, fighting and laboring men of Kansas be degraded by disfranchisement?" We are glad the colored people of Kansas are thus moving earnestly for their own enfranchisement, and shall hope that, if their appeal is not heeded by the State authorities, their object will be speedily attained by the early passage of Mr. Sumner's excellent bill now pending in the Senate.

On Wednesday of next week, the 14th inst., the National Convention of colored men will assemble in Washington. We understand that there will be a large attendance of leading colored men from the South and from the Border States. We hope the colored people of the North will be as well represented. Where delegates have not been selected they should be chosen at once. The two months immediately before us are of unusual importance for vigorous, united effort to secure, if possible from a Congress, which has ample power, a national, impartial suffrage law; to be supplemented, and confirmed by a Constitutional amendment. Let this Convention, called at a most opportune and important period, be made in the largest sense successful.

The recent resurrection of *The New Orleans Tribune*, an ably conducted, radical daily journal, owned and edited by colored men, is an auspicious event for the cause of impartial freedom in Louisiana. If Johnson had been impeached, as he should have been last spring, and Sheridan reinstated in his command in New Orleans, there would have been no such emergency as would have rendered necessary the suspension of *The Tribune* at all. We are glad that with the presence and untoward influence in their city of such tools of treason as Rosseau and Steedman the managers of *The Tribune* could command the strength and find sufficient encouragement to resume the publication of their excellent paper. It will if prospered do much to promote the general welfare of the colored and white citizens of Louisiana. It is published both in English and French.

Mrs. Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell are announced to address a Woman Suffrage meeting in Washington on Thursday evening next, the 15th inst. They will doubtless have the opportunity of speaking to many members of Congress. They will, we understand, urge the passage of a law enfranchising the women of the District of Columbia, and the adoption of a separate suffrage amendment for women. We think Mr. Julian and other members of Congress interested in the enfranchisement of women as well as colored men, will do well to submit and support two amendments, covering separately, the distinct questions of race and sex. Mrs. Stone is one of the ablest and most convincing advocates of the woman's rights movement, and we trust she, and Mr. Blackwell who is also an effective speaker, may be greeted by a large audience.

A Woman's Suffrage Convention, the call for which we print in another column, will also be held in Washington on the 19th inst.

PERSONAL.

REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK will lecture next Sunday evening, January 10th, on the Rights and Duties of Women, at his church, corner of Clinton and Congress streets, Brooklyn. Service begins at 7 1-2 o'clock.

A London telegram dated January 4, says: "Latest news received here from Africa confirms the recent report relative to the safety of the great African traveller, Dr. Livingstone.

"It is said he is somewhere in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, near the confines of Zanzibar.

"Owing, it is thought, to the wars between the native tribes, his progress has been impeded, and consequently he has been unable to reach the sea coast."

John B. Gough, Esq., will give the fifth lecture of the course under the auspices of the Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Society of this city, this (Thursday) evening, at Steinway Hall. Of course he will have a full house. The sixth and concluding lecture will be given by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Thursday evening, January 21st.

The President of this flourishing Society for the current year is Hon. Wilson Small. Under its direction is the Apprentices' Library, at No. 472 Broadway—one of the best free libraries in the city—open alike to both men and women.

Mr. Phillips gave the opening lecture of the Franklin Library course at Hudson, N. Y., on the 23d ult., to a large audience. *The Columbia Republican* says: "The opening lecture by Wendell Phillips, at the City Hall on Tuesday evening last, was a splendid introduction to the course before the Franklin Library Association. His tribute to the character of Daniel O'Connell can scarcely be surpassed in eloquence by any production, ancient or modern. We congratulate the Association upon this auspicious opening of the course, and trust the remaining lectures may be equally well attended."

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* announces the death of Hon. Ichabod Washburn at his residence in Worcester on the 31st ult. Mr. Washburn was widely known and highly esteemed for his very numerous, and generous public benefactions. He was warmly beloved by a large circle of relatives and attached personal friends, by whom his loss will be keenly felt. He acquired large wealth, and unlike many others gave away the larger portion of it during his life time. To his enterprise and public spirit his adopted city was largely indebted for many valuable improvements, and for much that renders Worcester superior to the average of New England cities. A Deacon of the Orthodox Congregational Church, Mr. Washburn, filled the post of treasurer of the Church Anti-Slavery Society while it existed, as a protest against the general indifference or opposition of his own and other popular churches to the cause of the slave's redemption. He was a brother-in-law of the Rev. George B. Cheever, of this city, and of the Rev. Henry T. Cheever. The Worcester journals pay well-deserved tributes to his memory, and lament, as they have abundant cause, the removal of one so closely identifid with the moral, intellectual, and material improvement of the people of Worcester.

A VISIT TO CHARLESTON.

DEAR STANDARD:—What did I see in Charleston? I saw a once-beautiful city with a heart of ruins; a place of pride, smitten and desolated; a warp of wealth and luxury thickened and tangled with the rushing, blood-stained weaving of the last five years;—a sight to sicken one's heart, and make one's head spin with the thought of man's inhumanity to man. This is one way of looking at it. There is another way, I know. Walking arm and arm with a complaisant Southerner, sauntering with him into the showy shops, or through some of the still elegant thoroughfares, we can forget that heart of ruins, forget everything if we choose, but that the great Good of the Rebellion is attained, at whatever cost, and that things may not prove so very serious after all. But my way of regarding matters in and about Charleston was not always of this last comfortable sort. I could never shut out the echoes of the war; and, as five out of every six of the passers-by were negroes, I couldn't forget the colored man and his present needs and condition.

If ever duty were written out in plain black and white it is now; and we of the white can no more ignore those of the black than can the letters of our alphabet do without each other. I felt this at every turn during my Southern trip. This very simile of the writing took possession of me. If I saw lazy, ignorant loiterers whose heads seemed empty of everything save eye-balls and teeth, the writing loomed up before me in one word *Teach!* If I saw sullen or vicious black faces, it rose boldly again, saying *Preach!* Preach to them of better things—preach on bended knees, asking pardon for the greater sin that has thus degraded them. If I came across a group of poor neglected little piccaninnies, the writing seemed to stand forth in a trail of fire—*Reach!* reach out, a hand, O white man! to these helpless ones whose wretchedness is thy gift. And, strange, through all these writings, *each* stood forth clear and distinct—the duty of each, the law to each—there was no mistaking it. We who have given these poor people their liberty must look to it that freedom shall *be* freedom and not something with all the accessories of slavery save the binding clause to the owner that bade him care for his chattel at least as he would for his horse or his cow. Not to do this, is to have striken the slave-chain saying, "break, O links! but enter O iron! into the hearts of the unmanacled!" There is no limit to the earnest, judicious philanthropic work that is needed now even in the district around Charleston where I visited.

There are freedmen's schools in the large cities, but the great mass of the negro population throughout the country has yet to be reached. On James' Island, near Charleston, there are twenty-five whites to twenty-five hundred negroes, and of these last, scarce a man, woman or child knows the alphabet. Think of this, ye who loiter at home and find time hanging heavily upon your hands! Go and teach them to read, and lift from them the load of ignorance and bad influences which has demoralized them. There is no denying the fact (and the cause of the black man would gain nothing by the denial) that a very large proportion of the freedmen stand before us to-day, wanting in some of the first principles of morality. Religious they are by instinct; with their wonderful memory and affectionate nature, they seem to take in Bible-texts and pious expressions with the air they breathe. They quote Scripture on all possible occasions. They say, not—"I will do so and so next week"—but, "if the Lord spare me I'll do so and so." Our "possibly" is their "God willing." But the rights of ownership (and who can wonder at it) seem to make but a slight impression upon them. They have yet to learn the full meaning of *meum* and *teum*. Cabbages they understand, but a white man's cabbages being but cabbages still to them, are theirs to have and to hold if they can get at them. Of course I am speaking now of the lower order of field hands. A republican relative of mine, who has farmed in that district for the past few years, tells me that after four seasons experience he is compelled to admit that, though he has found able, efficient and, in other respects, faithful help, he has not yet succeeded in finding one field negro who will not pilfer on occasion. His "hands" are all Methodists and they all go to prayer-meeting once or twice a week; but on their way home they *will* pay predatory visits to tempting fields that lie along their way.

Their method of pilfering potatoes is more ingenious than ingenuous. They insert their hands in the soil, beneath the growing potato-vine, and by a skillful underground use of their fingers manage to bring out the potatoes without disturbing the appearance of the surface, and the theft is not discovered until digging-day comes. This is not right, I know, O white man of white rectitude! but you will find it no easy task to persuade a plantation negro that it is really wrong. I talked with one of them on this very point. He heard me patiently; but he grinned and replied, "Yah! but massa, de brack man work hard, an' get mose no hom'ny at all; but de buckram* do nuffin an' drink wine—dat's de whole ub dat." *My* "yes, but" succeeded only in winning another grin, and another "yes, but" from him that made me blush for those of my race who had made his arguments plausible.

It is quite common in the South now, for plantations to be both hired and worked exclusively by negroes. I visited some of these farms and saw how well they were managed by men who with the shrewdness of experience still retained a strange simplicity. It was amusing to see their dusky laborers, full-grown men, trudge to the plantation "shop" where supplies were sold, and buying a cent-stick of candy, anxiously selected from the assortment, trudge off again with great satisfaction. I noticed, too, and conversations with the shopkeepers confirmed the observation, that negro "hands" dislike to spend their money in bulk. For instance, if they have a dollar to lay out for hominy, they will make four purchases of it in the transaction—buying first twenty-five cents worth, then a quarter of a pound of coffee, then another twenty-five cents worth of hominy, a little sugar, hominy again, and so on, until within a shopping raid of half an hour the dollar's worth of hominy would be obtained in four parcels. But the stick of candy will be bought even when the purse is so low that the needed stock of hominy must suffer. Another peculiarity is that they are rarely willing to "take out" their pay, or any portion of it, in purchases at the shop. They must handle the cash first, if only for a moment. A gentleman owning one of these plantation-shops, on James' Island, told me that sometimes there was some delay in rowing over the river from Charleston on account of storms, etc., and that he had known the plantation hands to wait at the shop hour after hour, tired and sleepy as they might be, until their money could be brought them from the mainland. The messenger would take it directly to the shop, where the men, as soon as they were paid, would often spend every cent of it on the spot, but nothing could have induced them to have taken the goods in advance as an offset against the expected money.

It is a common remark among Democrats that the actual condition of the Southern negro is worse to-day than it was before the rebellion. Doubtless in numerous cases, and in a restricted sense, this is so; yet I saw enough to convince me that not one of the freedmen would go into slavery again for the sake of any amount of creature-comfort. Not one did I meet who would be willing to return to "reb-times" as they call it. Some said that those who had held the keys of Missus' house might have had easier times once, but no field hand would ever want reb-times again. Neither are they anxious to come North. Cold weather, the negro's special horror, repels them. They cling to the "sunny South" still, though, poor creatures! too many of them are crouching in its shadows.

All those whom I saw were of the Republican persuasion, or rather they had voted the Republican ticket and were ready to chuckle over the ruse of the proprietors of certain rice mills who are said to have offered their hands three dollars on election day if they would stick to their work and not leave the factory for a moment. It is strange to see the blending of shrewdness and simplicity, of wisdom and ignorance, of ability and helplessness which these negroes exhibit. The moral bias to which I have alluded certainly seems to be very prevalent, but in their case circumstance has been a cruel teacher.

A lady of keen observation, and of hearty sympathy for the down-trodden race, told me lately that, on the occasion of her recent visit to General Armstrong's agricultural school for freedmen, she had been informed that those who attended the institution had been made to see clearly the subtle distinction of honesty and dishonesty. They are fully convinced that it is sinful to steal even from a white man, and they are heartily indignant at the negroes who *will* come in from the country round about and steal their vegetables.

One of the noblest and most thoroughly honest persons I have ever known is a black woman. She is truthful to the core, high-minded, and full of graceful Christian courtesy; but then, though a slave in her youth, she has lived North, a free woman, for twenty years.

The faults of the Southern negro of to-day are not the inherent failings of the man but of the human being who was born and bred a slave. Who can blame him that often to his eyes the marriage relation has no sacredness, no binding power? His white master taught him that lesson; and until it is untaught, until a better creed shall have been substituted in its place we cannot hope to see the colored race advance with us to the front, as it should.

The record of the Rebellion is blazoned over with accounts of noble deeds, heroic sacrifices and the sagacious bravery of those who, though their skins were of a different hue from ours, stood beside us, brothers in our day of trial. We have grasped their hands in our hour of need. Their dead and ours lie side by side in many a grave-studded field, and all along the line of Sherman's march. They have been accepted as martyrs in our common cause. And so, when we speak of the negro and his present short-comings, of his needs and demands, we, by that token, pledge ourselves to help him, to wash the stain of *our* sin from his manhood, and to te

should be addressed,

Enbank & Fallen,
71 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

For Miss C. F. Putnam, Cone River Landing, Northumberland Co., Va.

LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

LETTER FROM MARY GREW.

PHILADELPHIA, January 3d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR:—As you published, last week, a few words of my letter to yourself, in which I spoke of the Unitarian Conference, recently held in Wilmington, Del., I wish to say, through THE STANDARD, a few more. It has so long been the imperative and unpleasant duty of abolitionists to rebuke the sin of the American churches, and to charge upon them the monstrous crime of sustaining American slavery; that we all enjoy the welcome relief of being able to testify to a true revival, in any of them, of that religion which perceives and heartily acknowledges the real Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. Such a revival is now in progress in a portion of the Unitarian church in the Northern and Middle States. Whether or not this is generally known outside of that denomination, it is a fact of great importance in the ecclesiastical history of this nation. I do not know how extensive this revival is, at present; but I believe that it is destined to pervade and to inspire with new spiritual life, that entire church; which church, as you well know, stood as coldly aloof, if not as bitterly hostile, to the Anti-Slavery enterprise, during our Thirty Years' War, as did its orthodox sister. The Southern rebellion startled the Northern churches out of their fraternal fellowship with slaveholding and slaveholders, and aroused a strong feeling, both within and without the church, of sympathy with the colored man, North and South. But this sudden sympathy, not being born of true repentance for sin, was, as you say, temporary in its enthusiasm; and has, already, abated sufficiently to enable Northern churches to offer the hand of christian fellowship to churches in the South, without demanding of them, in the name of their common Lord, a recognition of the equal brotherhood and rights of black and white men.

It is an interesting fact that within a very few years there have arisen in the Unitarian denomination a number of ministers, and several young churches, filled with missionary zeal to propagate the fundamental truths of christianity; *viz.*, that God is the loving Father of every soul whom He has made; and that all men are brethren. Inspired with such faith as this, they could not fail to see a man and brother in every human form, of any color or race; and therefore could not hesitate to accord to all, equality of rights. The gospel which they are preaching, and the work which they are doing, are such as must gladden the soul of every abolitionist, waiting and working for the full redemption of the long-crushed victims of American slavery. Such churches and ministers we thankfully, joyfully, hail as lights of the world. Alas! that they are so few! I know that you and your coadjutors would wish THE STANDARD to bear witness to their fidelity to the cause of human freedom. And I am sure that you will allow me to add that they have so learned Christ, that they acknowledge that in Him there is "neither male nor female," but that rights and responsibilities are independent of sex, as of color.

The churches of which I thus speak, (because I know them well) form the principal constituency of the Conference which held its recent sessions in Wilmington. At that meeting, the Conference responded heartily to a Resolution asserting that a fundamental principle of Christianity is the doctrine of human brotherhood, and a corollary therefrom is that human rights, duties and responsibilities are independent of color or race. To the honor of the delegate from the Washington church, it should be said, that his brave words and braver deeds, at home, have proved his fealty to the doctrine of that Resolution; and they inspire hope that he will not labor in vain in the work to which he and his coadjutors in the Washington church have addressed themselves; *viz.*, that of "elevating to the plane of liberal Christianity," the unconverted portion of that church.

Each of these churches, as you are aware, is independent, being Congregational, and controls its own affairs; the object of the Conference being for mutual counsel and communion of thought and spirit. That all the individuals who compose it are sound in our faith concerning human rights, I should be far from asserting. What I have written is a testimony which I gladly bear to the christian character and work of a portion of the Unitarian church; an example of practical Christianity which their Orthodox brethren would do well to follow.

MARY GREW.

ANNA DICKINSON IN BOSTON.

LETTER FROM SALLIE HOLLEY.

BOSTON, January 2d, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL: Last Thursday evening I had the happiness to hear Anna Dickinson give her great lecture —Fair Play. I never saw any place so beautifully decorated as Music Hall was on that evening. It seemed like an enchanted, fairy Hall. Glories of Flags of all Nations graced the balconies, arranged with charming taste as to color. Apollo was arrayed in the "Red, White and Blue." Vases of exquisite white lilies and other lovely flowers delighted our eyes.

Miss Anna Granger was encored in all her songs. "Within a mile of Edinboro," and "Nothing Else to Do" were sung with very rare sweetness. Miss Dickinson was received with, warm, enthusiastic applause, by an immense audience. She spoke with grand moral power, never stirred me more deeply. It was a sight to thank God for, that gifted and beautiful American girl in earnest defence of the hated, outcast black race of this country.

She said, Nelson was once asked by a theorist for a plan of battle on scientific principles. His reply was—"Get as near your enemy as you can and then fight him." To-day the United States has an enemy more bitter, active and relentless, more subtle and determined, than Nelson ever found the Frenchman—an enemy that opposes cunning to power, and prejudice to argument, which saps the vitals and undermines the foundations of the Republic while its outward form grows in beauty and majesty, and the towers and pinnacles of the stately edifice stretch toward heaven. The name of the enemy is Caste. There is a prejudice almost universal in America which holds that a drop of African blood, though it be filtered through oceans of Anglo-Saxon blood, is sufficient to debar the person from all the rights and privileges of the brotherhood of man. The black man is robbed of rights of every sort and kind, and the American nation is the wrong doer. To-day America may well sigh. Have we destroyed the lion of Southern slavery to be devoured by the wolf of National prejudice? This prejudice is so cruel, and base and infamous that one involuntarily exclaims, "Where are the thunderbolts of God?"

The great question before the American people today is whether they will deal treacherously with their principles, and withhold from the black man the rights God gave him. "He hath made of one blood all men." The same commandments are laid upon us all, the same Judgment Day is coming to all, the same eternity awaits us all, the negro is as human as the white man, and has the same rights from God. Miss D —— told with touching eloquence that story of the dying black soldier in the hospital, addressing the Catholic Sister of Mercy, who was tending his bed-side, as "Missus." She requested him to call her "Sister," and he said "I would Missus, but I am black." This American nation has not been keeping for the last century in the full blaze of noonday light, it has been sleeping in the reflected light of liberty, shining from the shield of despotism and slavery, and the result is that we are too dim of vision to read the character, brother, when it is written upon a black skin. When the thirty-nine black members were expelled from the Georgia Legislature, the great question was whether they were men. If so, they claimed the rights of men. One of them an old man—Henry Turner as they were going out, said to those remaining, he *was* ignorant, but that none of the members would have been more intelligent had they not seen a spelling-book or the inside of a school for fifty-nine years! This is the first time in the history of any Nation that a human being was condemned by a Government for an act committed by God himself! The important question at the Chicago Convention was not of a uniform currency, but of uniform suffrage. Had that platform contained this then, the loyal masses of the North would have supported it in November. Richard Cobden had once said of America, "your Republican party lacks pluck," and never were truer words spoken. Miss Dickinson thought the second resolution of the Chicago Convention was like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, clean without, and filthy inside. When the Southern States were restored, certainly the question of Suffrage would belong to them in common with the others. The resolution said that the Suffrage question in the loyal States properly belonged to the people in those States, and could not be touched by Congress, and of course when the Senators from Arkansas, and the Representatives from Louisiana were sitting in the Senate and Hall of the House, Congress would have no more right to interfere in their doings than those of the State of Massachusetts. Under the fourteenth Constitutional Amendment every black man at the South might be disfranchised, and no one would have a right to interfere, and the framers of that article and of the Chicago resolution introduced into their scheme the enfeeblement of crime. Where are the black men to find protection? Not in the Legislatures, nor in the courts. Gen. Sickles, Gen. Thomas and every true speaking General who has been there asserts that the constable will not arrest, nor the judge honestly try, nor the jury convict a person for an outrage on the black man.

Miss D—— said, the trials of the past will not let us sleep in the present, with so much more to gain. We must not barter and sell the negro for selfish peace and security, and fail to read the character of brother written upon his black skin. But we see it clearly by the fire of the refugees in the swamp, and the pen—by the lurid glare of Port Hudson, Wagner and Petersburg. We read it by the plains of death that revealed to us black men and white grasping the same flag, fighting in the same breach, dying in the same trench, buried in the same grave, brothers in heroism, devotion and martyrdom.

I am glad to read in the *Boston Journal* that Miss Dickinson has won as distinguished success in authorship as on the platform. Her stirring novel, "What Answer?" has reached a sale of 20,000.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, January 3d, 1869.

THE New Year brought us what I have heard described as "a good deal of weather," one item of it being about fifteen inches of snow, fantastically arranged in every variety of depth and surface. Lucky were they who had not waited for that day to purchase their new year's gifts, for the furious gusts, joined to the heavy walking, potently persuaded those to stay at home who could do so. The Metropolitan Company fought bravely to keep a passage clear for their street-cars, but were obliged to yield for a short time to the pressure; yet they kept at work with snow-ploughs and carts, and actually lost but a few hours, during which sleighs were substituted for the cars. The snow, thus crowded from the car-track to the two sides of the street, must be removed, not to obstruct other vehicles, and carts have been conveying it to the Common uninterruptedly, day and night, from the time when the storm ceased up to this hour, Sunday noon.

The continuance of this storm through the whole of Friday sadly interfered with the success of the meeting held by the colored people of Boston to celebrate Emancipation day, diminishing their audience, and preventing the attendance of some of their expected speakers. They, however, held three sessions in the Tremont Temple, with a moderate attendance, listened to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, with a feeling of being sharers in the import of the truths it utters, and rejoiced with each other in the progress thus far made towards the public allowance of human rights to human beings.

In the morning session, remarks were made by Mr. William W. Brown, President of the meeting, Rev. Rowland Connor, Rev. Leonard A. Grimes, Mr. E. H. Uniac and Rev. Horatio Alger.

The first speaker in the afternoon was Mr. Richard T. Greener, a colored student of Harvard University. His remarks, like the extended speech of Wendell Phillips, who followed him, were an attempt to point the colored people forward to the work yet remaining to be done, and to stimulate them to earnest labor for the incorporation in the Constitution of a complete guaranty of the rights, political and civil, of their race. The remarks of Hon. Henry Wilson, who followed, were of the soothing and sedative order, as usual, assuming that the Senate and Gen. Grant would spontaneously do all that was necessary in the premises.

The evening session was made interesting by remarks from Collector Russell and Mrs. F. E. W. Harper.

Our municipal arrangements for the gratuitous supply of soup to the destitute went into operation with the new year, and considerable numbers will no doubt be supplied this winter, as last winter. The relief of poverty must go on, by means more or less skilfully adapted to the end, until we solve the far greater and more difficult problem of the *prevention* of poverty, and the supply of work to all who are willing to labor. This great question is now receiving much attention, partly from the Social Science Associations, and partly from the unsectarian societies lately formed, called "Unions for Christian Work." While some large classes of "professors" of Christianity are making it a point to decry reason as "carnal," and science as "godless," it is pleasant, in other quarters, to see science and religion moving hand in hand to the relief of human necessities.

I had the pleasure of attending, the other evening, a conference of these partners in Christian Work, held in the vestry of one of their churches. An officer of the Young Men's Christian Union gave an account of the success of that institution in making provision for the social wants of young men who, coming strangers into the city, need companionship, objects of interest for their evenings and other leisure time, and influences tending to lead or keep them in the path of true and pure manhood. Other gentlemen gave accounts of the degree of success they had attained in different methods of dealing with poverty and ignorance, with special reference to the case of vagrant boys and girls in the streets of cities. It was thought that the disuse of the apprenticeship system, (a system which, with whatever imperfections, secured some sort of home, supervision and instruction to the young beginner in the labors of life), rendered it every desirable to combine some sort of industrial tuition and experience with the book-learning taught in our common schools; thus barring the allegation of the foreign-born parents of so many of our city-pupils, that their children must leave school at the age of ten or twelve years, to earn money for their own support and the help of the family. Now, these boys sell newspapers and polish boots in the street, and are taken from school for the earnings of these occupations. But when they outgrow these occupations, they are left without trade, without resources, without skill in any sort of labor that requires instruction, and of course are on the highway to settled vagrancy, with the constant temptation to crime. If the common school instruction could be made the opening to a trade, the most stupid foreigner could be made to see that more money could be raised by leaving his boys to go through the school course, than by taking them away prematurely.

Measures were taken by these gentlemen for concerted action, and the cooperation of contiguous parishes covering a large section of the city, and an adjourned meeting was appointed for further consideration of the matters in question.

Per contra, here is a recent specimen of what another sort of Congregationalists consider to be Christian work. I copy it from a newspaper published at Woburn, in this State, and only ten or twelve miles from this city:

"WOBURN, December 8th, 1868.

MR. W. H. CLARKE:—*Dear Sir:*—At a meeting of the First Congregational Church in this town, on the 2d inst., the following preamble and resolution were adopted: 'Whereas, Brother W. H. Clarke has avowed and still holds religious doctrines which are opposed to the religion of Christ, and is guilty of a breach of covenant, therefore, *Resolved*, That he be and hereby is excommunicated from this church, and may God have mercy on his soul.'

E. CUTTER, *Clerk of Church.*"

This missive was called forth by the fact that the person to whom it is addressed, a gentleman of high character and unimpeachable life, had taken leave of the Orthodox Congregational church which issued it, and joined a Swedenborgian church, having become convinced that the latter represented Christianity better than the former. I incline to think that the concluding formula of the bull of excommunication will be granted, and that God *will* have mercy upon him whom these "parish popes" have condemned.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, January 4th, 1869.

LATELY we have had here a number of sensations. Among them may be mentioned the trial and conviction of a young man named Twitchell for the murder of his mother in-law Mrs. Hill; a visit from U. S. Grant; and a change of mayors.

With the close of the year Mayor McMichael's term of office expired, and on the first instant Daniel M. Fox, of the Democratic political faith, was duly installed. It is the first Democrat elected to the office in many years, and is therefore quite a novelty. If Mayor Fox should faithfully fulfil his promises, there will be no cause for complaint. His speech gives encouragement that he will pursue a practically useful and worthy official course, and although there may be no good reason to distrust his assurances, we need not flatter ourselves with the belief that a greatly improved state of affairs is about to prevail. Mr. Fox declares that he is "determined to devote all his ability and energy to the faithful discharge of the mayoralty." He will "expect from every person occupying official positions under him, a rigid and faithful discharge of the duties of their respective positions." That he will do more than merely "expect" is shown further on in his brief address. "Crime," he says, "seems to be on the increase, and to be assuming frightful proportions. The citizen has the right to look to a well organized and efficient police for the safety of his person and protection of his property. To insure this shall be my object in the selection and government of the police force. Strict obedience to orders, rigid sobriety, a polite and courteous deportment, and unremitting vigilance in the discharge of duty, shall be required by me from every one holding police appointment. If any officer fail in either of these requirements, he will immediately give place to a better man."

That certainly is a good stand to take, and indicates an excellent purpose on the part of the new mayor. It is highly important that policemen be men of "rigid sobriety," and that "unremitting vigilance in the discharge of duty" be imperatively required of them.

In the year 1868, the police of this city made over thirty-six thousand arrests for various crimes and misdemeanors, comprising forty-three distinct offences. Of this number ninety-five hundred were for intoxication, while nearly twelve thousand are placed under the head of "drunkeness and disorderly conduct." More than one half of the entire number are thus attributable to the liquor shops as the primary sources of the criminality. O, what hideous things these liquor shops are! Will the community ever be strong enough, wise enough and virtuous enough to sweep them all away? I do not mean by the enactment of laws that can have no practical efficiency without the existence of the essential moral force to give them vitality, but by growth in morality, wisdom and enlightenment, so that these places will be deprived of the patronage that sustains them. What a field for the teachers of reform the above figures typify.

As the inauguration of a new mayor, to be followed by the appointment of a new police force, cannot diminish the number of offences that spring from the liquor traffic as their fountain head, we may rather look for an increase of arrests this year over those of 1868, than for a smaller number. This will accord with the fulfilment of the mayor's resolution, and the vigilant discharge of duties by the police, for, without reflecting upon the merits of the present force, it may be safely said that the drunkards do not all figure among the arrests. Happy should we be, however, if the number of arrests could be lessened by reason of an actual diminution in the number of those who are given to drunkenness and intoxication, but there are now no hopeful indications of a change so desirable.

The *Morning Post* made its appearance on the first day of the year in an enlarged form and improved appearance. It is now nearly the size of THE STANDARD. This is the second time of enlargement, and it is highly gratifying to have the manifest assurance of its continued prosperity. Being a thoroughly radical daily journal, fearing not to express itself openly; freely and decisively on any and all occasions concerning topics of common interest and general importance, it becomes a matter for congratulation that it has succeeded so well. It has fairly earned the liberal patronage it enjoys, and is a fresh, earnest, liberal and animated paper. Its tone and spirit respecting the great question of absolute human rights, are fitly reflected in the following paragraph from an editorial in Saturday's issue, entitled "Slavery in Pennsylvania:"—

"Even here, in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, slavery exists, for just so far as a man is not a citizen he is a slave. We still refuse to the colored men of Pennsylvania the right to sit on juries, the right to vote, the right to representation in the government under which they live. We hang them when they kill, imprison them when they steal, tax them when they own property. So far as it is to our advantage we treat them as equals; so far as their own interests are concerned we treat them as inferiors. This is the true spirit of Slavery, nothing but Slavery, and it is a disgrace to Pennsylvania that she still maintains this gigantic wrong in her Constitution and laws."

You can fully appreciate the value of a daily journal that speak thus openly and emphatically in condemnation of a great existing wrong, which our laws countenance and our State Constitution sanctions; and you well know the importance of a public journal of acknowledged influence that will expose the disgraceful fact thus set forth. It is of signal moment to agitate the question, and keep it before the people. They need to be reminded of it often, very often, and every earnest agitator deserves our best praise. Let us thank the *Post* for the position it maintains and the purpose with which it is imbued, trusting that it will not suffer our people to lull their consciences, into repose, or be unmindful of the responsibility resting on them while such wrongs are legalized and upheld.

W.

THE FIRST COLORED JURYMAN IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., January 4th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

LAST week I had the pleasure of seeing a colored man in the jury box, at a session of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. This I believe, is the first instance of the kind in the Northern States. Although no more than an act of simple justice, it is to the credit and renown of Northampton that it is the first town to do its duty in this matter. The colored man referred to, was some seven years ago, a slave in Virginia. Since he came here he has been diligent in acquiring an education. He has also learned the Machinist's trade, and is now working as a journeyman.

In May, 1854, Anthony Burns was sent back from Massachusetts into slavery, without even a trial by jury. In December, 1868, a fugitive slave sits as juryman in the Superior Court of this same State of Massachusetts. We are beginning to learn the meaning of the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule. Massachusetts must, however, take one step more to reach the table-land of true democracy. She must invite woman to the ballot box and the jury box.

SETH HUNT.

LITERARY.

The Woman's Advocate, the new Woman's Rights magazine, was issued on Tuesday last. The initial number contains sixty-one pages. In neatness of appearance and excellence of mechanical execution it is second to neither of the older first-class monthlies. It is highly creditable to the skill and good taste of Miss EMILY PEERS, the efficient forewoman of THE STANDARD printing office, by whom it was supervised and arranged.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage in "Looking Back" gives personal reminisences, and tells how she became interested in the Woman's Rights movement, and of its progress. We quote a single incident from her very interesting article:

At twenty, I married. My husband was a lawyer. One day, years after, a woman called at our home to see him. Her husband had been intoxicated, and had beaten her and turned her out of the house, and kept her children from her. She had married him while he was poor. Her father, dying had bequeathed her a farm and house, horses, cattle, sheep and money. Into this house the husband moved. Into the comforts and use of the money he installed himself as master, and she soon found herself a pauper dependent on his bounty. He starved her, beat her children, and compelled excessive labor from her and them. She had come to my husband to learn what she should do.

"Leave him," said he.

"But he won't let me have my children."

"No, in law, they belong to him."

"The property is mine."

"In law, not one cent of it except enough for your necessary support."

"Well, if I could have my say about that—and my children?"

"But you cannot. He can keep the children. You must have an arbitration of men to say what ought to be enough for your necessary support."

"Did'nt my father give it all to *me?*"

"Certainly, but the law gives it to your husband."

"Can't I sue him for beating me?"

"Not in your own name."

"Suppose you sue him for me, could I then get damages?"

"Any damage that would accrue, would go to other parties. If you will leave him, and the children with him," continued my husband, as she sat utterly silenced, "I will do all I can for you. But I warn you. He has money and you have none, and public opinion here allows a man to whip his wife out of the house and whip her in again, especially if he is drunk. Are you strong enough to leave your children and abide the issue?"

"My God, no! The youngest is a baby."

"Then I cannot help you unless you sue for assault and battery, and have him bound over to keep the peace."

"If I should do that, he would kill me."

"I suppose he might maltreat you."

Slowly the poor woman rose from her chair, and, in a voice that went to our souls, said, simply, as she went out, "I *must* go to my children."

How many women are there, even to-day, whose sad experiences are parallelled by the incident above given, who can tell.

Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell contributes an excellent article entitled "Industrial Reconstruction," which we hope to reprint in full for the benefit of our readers next week. Col. R. J. Hinton's account of "The Woman Movement in Great Britain," will be read with much interest; also Lucy Stone's article entitled "Rebels and Women." Miss Kate Field's report of the New England Women's Club; Miss M. J. Safford's "Visit to a Harem;" Mr. C. K. Whipple's "Gently and Firmly;" Mr. H. B. Blackwell's "Era of Reconstruction;" and Frederick Douglass' "Thought," are all valuable, well-written prose contributions. The contributions in poetry are "Not Yet," by Rev. John W. Chadwick; "Contrariwise," by W. J. Linton; a pleasant and well deserved tribute to Anna E. Dickinson, by Wm. P. Tomlinson, "The Cross and the Crown," by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford; "At the Grave of the Year," by George S. Burleigh; "A Query," by Lily Nelson. The editorial department presents an interesting variety and numerous items of Home and Foreign intelligence pertaining to the condition and progress of the Woman's Rights movement in this country and in Europe.

We congratulate the friends of equal rights for Woman upon the appearance of a journal, of so good a moral tone, able and dignified, free from partisan coquetry, and so well calculated to serve efficiently the cause it is established to promote. We are glad to learn that an unexpectedly large number of subscriptions have already been received by the publisher, Mr. William P. Tomlinson, No. 39 Nassau street, and that *The Advocate* starts under very encouraging auspices. Its terms are Two Dollars a year; to clubs of four or more $150 a year, in advance.

We shall be happy to receive subscriptions for *The Woman's Advocate* in connection with THE STANDARD, furnishing the two for Four Dollars a year.

AMONG THE HILLS AND OTHER POEMS. By John G. Whittier. 100 pages. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

One of the choicest books of the holiday season is "Among the Hills and other Poems," by Whittier, from the press of Fields, Osgood, & Co. It is a fit companion to "Snow Bound," and "Tent on the Beach." We quote the first part of "Among the Hills:"

AMONG THE HILLS.

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky
The peaks had winter's keenness;
And, close on Autumn's frost, the vales
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors
With golden lights were checkered,
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind
And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late
Atoning for its sadness
Had borrowed every season's charm
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales
Of shadow and of shining,
Through which, my hostess at my side,
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sid'ling way above
The river's whitening shallows,
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns
Swept through and through by swallows—

By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven—
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven—

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains—
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains!

We paused at last where home-bound cows
Brought down the pasture's treasure,
And in the barn the rhythmic flails
Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge,
The crow his tree-mates calling:
The shadows lengthening down the slopes
About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level sun
In broken lines of splendor,
Touched the gray rocks and made the green
Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,
Their arch of leaves just tinted
With yellow warmth, the golden glow,
Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house showed,
And smiled on porch and trellis,
The fair democracy of flowers
That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,
'Twixt chidings and caresses,
A human flower of childhood shook
The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs
Of fancy and of shrewdness,
Where taste had wound its arms of vines
Round thrifts uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock
Shook hands, and called to Mary;
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not beautiful in curve and line,
But something more and better,
The secret charm eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter;

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood
How dared our hostess utter
The paltry errand of her need
To buy her fresh-churned butter?

She led the way with housewife pride,
Her goodly store disclosing,
Full tenderly the golden balls
With practised hands disposing.

Beside "Among the Hills," the handsomly printed little volume contains "The Clear Vision," "The Meeting," "Divine Compassion," "The Two Rabbis," and several other short pieces which we have hitherto presented to our readers, but which will be warmly welcomed in this new collection. There are three very pretty illustrations, pictures of rural life and scenes.

WORDS OF HOPE. 236 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a beautifully printed volume of religious selections, in both prose and verse, designed to soothe and comfort those who mourn the loss of near and dear friends. They are indeed "Words of Hope" for every human heart. These selections are taken from various authors, among whom are, J. G. Whittier, Mrs. E. B. Browning, Bishop Hall, Dr. F. D. Huntington, Rev. F. W. Robertson, Jean Ingelow, Maria Lowell, A. A. Proctor, Mrs H. B. Stowe, Dr. G. W. Bethune and others. Many who suffer the chastening discipline of bereavement will be grateful to the compiler, C. A. Means, for thus grouping together these precious words of consolation. "Golden Truths," which was received with such favor, was arranged by the same author.

A Correspondence between the Hon. Gerrit Smith and Rev. Albert Barnes, the commentator, which is interesting as a controversial discussion involving the theological views of each, has been published by the American News Company, New York. These two men represent religious beliefs very widely different, and their letters are written in perfect frankness yet in a spirit of kindness and sincerity which is highly commendable. Mr. Smith's many friends and admirers will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to preserve in this form the expressions of his radical religious opinions. The Apendix contains two essays by Mr. Smith on "The Theologies," and "Nature the Basis of a True Theology"

Harper's Magazine for January illustrated has three articles—"The Buffalo Range," Paul Du Cauillu Again,' and "South-Coast Saunterings in England." "The Silent City at Greenwood" is an illustrated poem. The other poems are "My Old Woman and I," and "A Christian's Creed." The other contributions to this number are, "Learning Common Sense;" "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southrons;" "My Visit to Utopia;" "A Public Building;" "The New Timothy;" "The Bishops of Rome;" "The Murder of Escovedo;" "My Enemy's Daughter;" "Abbas Pacha of Egypt." The "Easy Chair" furnishes entertaining reminiscences of the Brook Farm Community.

The Friend for December, 1868, announced as the last of the series, presents a very finely engraved likeness of Lucretia Mott, with an interesting table of contents as follows: "Crudeness in Judgment; "Protestantism vs, Dr. F. C. Ewer;" "George Fox and his First Disciples;" "Lucretia Mott," "A Half Hour's Thought;" "Adieu." New York: 131 William Street.

LABOR REFORM IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE abolition of chattel slavery being a accomplished fact, and the demand for impartial suffrage, to all classes, irrespective of race, sex, or past condition, advancing irresistably to general acceptance; the American people are now interrogated by an issue, which, more than any other, perhaps more than all others, involves, in its solutions, the welfare and destiny of human society—the Labor Question. While few deny the abstract proposition, that labor is entitled to its earnings; and, as the creator of all values equitably vendible, should overrule and determine the minor claims of property, rent, exchange, money, interest, and taxation; the rule of right is yet so far nullified, in practice, that even in our most civilized States, the laboring classes are the poorer classes, wealth centralizes into the hands of a few, woman is held in wretched pecuniary servitude, poverty and crime are decreed to be "necessary evils," and government, the pulpit, the press, literature, political science, all the great organs of public opinion, acquiesce in the prevailing injustice.

Believing, on the contrary, that the charges which working women and men bring against society are mainly well founded; that the aristocracy of mere wealth, the industrial feudalism, now authorized and enforced by our laws and customs, is a fraudulent usurpation, subversive of free institutions, and hostile to the best interests of the whole people—we invite all friends of honest industry, in its manifold relations of agriculture, manufactories and commerce, to meet in a Convention to assemble at 10 o'clock a. m., and continue, day and evening, through six sessions, in Tremont Temple, Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, January 27th and 28th—to explain and enforce the principles of the National Labor Union and organize a New England Labor Reform League. Communications and contributions may be sent to E. H. Heywood Worcester, or H. L. Saxton "Workingman's Institute," No. 3 Tremont Row, Boston. A strong array of speakers will be present. Particulars hereafter.

Among the speakers expected are Wendell Phillips, Hon J. G. Abbott, A. W. Phelps of New Haven, E. H. Hoywood, Mrs. C. L. Daniels, Prof. Wm. Denton, Ira Steward, Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, Josiah Warren, Rev. J. T. Sargent, Geo. W. Searle, Esq., Mrs. E. D. Rockwood, Dr. Dio Lewis, Rufus Wyman, George E. McNiel, H. H. Day, of New York, John C. Cluer and others.

E. H. HEYWOOD,
E. D. LISTON,
MRS. C. L. DANIELS,
IRA STEWARD,
GEO. E. MCNIEL,
W. S. GOSS.
} Committee of Arrangements.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

A National Woman's Suffrage Convention will be held at Washington, D. C., on the 19th and 20th of January.

All Societies composed of Women, and all Associations friendly to Women's Rights', are invited to send delegates. All friends of the cause are invited to attend and take part.

Contributions in aid of the work may be sent to Wm. Hutchinson, Treasurer, Box 50, City Post-Office, or to Dr. Daniel Breed.

Communications may be addressed to Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox, Chairman Committee of Arrangements, Ebbitt House.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON,
LYDIA S. HALL,
JOHN H. CRANE,
MARY T. CORNER,
GEORGE F. NEEDHAM,
J. K. H. WILCOX.

Managers Universal Franchise Association, Washington, D. C.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON's new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will labor for the legal and political Equality of Woman.

It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Education, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important Home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contains articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrants the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

[Subscriptions for THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

Advertisements.

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Miscellaneous Department.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
"Behold now the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state,
Him who is alone mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers, lofty and rare,
They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim,
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,
And in church and palace, and judgment hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head;
And from under the heavy foundation stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider, and still more wide,
And the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

"With gates of silver and bars of gold,
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold:
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven, these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We built but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images how they stand,
Sovereign and sole through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame—
To hold thy earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artizan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her family want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garments' hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

NESTS OF CONSUMPTION.

BY DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

WE know of two families in Massachusetts of whom the following story may be told. Two healthy brothers married two healthy sisters. Both had large families of children. One lived on the old homestead, on the southern slope of one of the numerous beautiful and well-drained hills in that vicinity. The whole house was bathed all day long in sunlight, and consumption did not touch any of the young lives under its roof. The other brother placed his house at a very short distance off, but upon a grassy plain, covered all summer with the rankest verdure. In its front was a large open "common." In the centre of this, water oozed up from between the split hoofs of the cows, as they came lowing homeward at evening, and the barefooted boy who was driving them used to shrink from the place, and preferred to make the circuit of its edge rather than to follow the lead of his more quiet comrades Back of the house was a large level meadow, reaching to the very foundations of the building. Through this meadow sluggishly crept the mill-stream of the adjacent village. Still further, all three surroundings were enclosed by lofty hills. The life-giving sun rose later and set earlier upon this than upon the other fair homestead. Till late in the forenoon, and long before sunset left the hillside home, damp and chilling emanations arose from the meadow, and day after day enveloped the tender forms of the children that were *trying in vain to grow* up healthily within them. But all effort was useless. Large families were born under both roofs. Not one of the children born in the latter homestead escaped, whereas the other family remained healthy; and when at the suggestion of a medical friend who knew all the facts we have told, we visited the place for the purpose of thoroughly investigating them, we thought that these two houses were a terribly significant illustration of the existence of this all-powerful law. Yet these two homes had nothing peculiarly noticeable by the passing stranger. They were situated in the same township and within a very short distance one from the other, and scarcely any one in the village with whom we spoke on the subject agreed with us in our opinion that it was location alone, or chiefly that, which gave life or death to the inmates of the two.

We might speak of other homesteads which seem to us now to be the very nests of consumption in consequence of this law, and yet not one parent in a hundred acknowledges even theoretically his belief in the truth of our assertion. Parents themselves, during a long residence, may escape from the dire influences of location; and therefore they imagine, if their children are falling, that some other evil agency is at work rather than this law.

Illustrative of this error on the part of parents, we cannot forbear relating the following fact. We know of a house situated about a foot above and just on the edge of a small lake. The cellar, if there be one, must be below the level of the water. The house, built with taste, nestles amid over-hanging thickly leaved trees, through which the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate even at midday. The homestead is overrun with the springing woodbine, clematis, and honeysuckle. Coolness, dampness, and little sunlight are the characteristics of the spot. In the midst of summer it is the *beau ideal* of a quiet, refined country house, which any one, even the most fastidious would desire to occupy. Yet as we have looked at it, and have remembered how one by one the children born in it have been cut off by consumption either at puberty or at early manhood or womanhood, we have turned with loathing from all its external beauties, and have regarded them all as so many false and fatal allurements, bringing inevitable ruin to those who should fall within the sphere of their influence.

These tales are no creations of our imagination, but positive and undeniable facts.—*Atlantic Monthly for January.*

BUFFALO SHOOTING.—I have no idea of the quantity of lead that a buffalo can carry off, if the shots are not well placed. The vital point of the buffalo—his heart—is to be reached by a shot fired from a point a little behind him, aiming just behind the shoulder-blade, and about two-thirds down from the top of the hump. A single revolver-ball well placed is quite sufficient to bring down the stoutest old bull. Some hunters have killed as many as eight or nine buffalo on a single run, That is, with the twelve loads contained in their brace of revolvers, but this is extraordinary, and a thing of very occasional occurrence, three or four buffalo being usually counted as a first-rate run.

A word here with reference to the arms used in buffalo hunting. Those who prefer a carbine will find the short Ballard or Spencer guns very effective, as they shoot "heavy lead," and may be used with great rapidity. The carbine is frequently used without bringing it to the shoulder, the piece being rested across the saddle in front of the hunter, and discharged while in this position. This was the old style of hunting the buffalo when breech-loaders were unknown, and a short muzzle-loading rifle of large bore was used as the best arm for buffalo hunting. With such a weapon the hunter dispensed with a ramrod, charging his gun by simply pouring the powder into the barrel, and then dropping a bullet from his mouth into the gun, and sending the charge home by striking the butt of the rifle smartly on the pommel of the saddle.

Of the revolvers in use the old style dragoon pistol of the Colt pattern seems the favorite, though the bullet that it shoots is no heavier than that used in the present style known as Colt's army revolver. The pistol itself is heavier and more steady to shoot, and the cylinder is chambered for more powder.—THEODORE R. DAVIS in *Harper's Magazine.*

HAWTHORNE AT BROOK FARM.

IN Hawthorne's just-published "Note-book" he records a great deal of his daily experience at Brook Farm. But he was never truly at home there. Hawthorne lived in the very centre of the Transcendental revival, and he was the friend of many of its leaders, but he was never touched by its spirit. He seems to have been as little affected by the great intellectual influences of his time as Charles Lamb in England. The custom-house had become intolerable to him. He was obliged to do something. The enterprise at Brook Farm seemed to him to promise Arcadia. But he forgot that the kingdom of heaven is within you, and when he went to the tranquil banks of the Charles he found himself in a barnyard shoveling manure, and not at all in Arcadia. "Before breakfast I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fire, and finally went down to breakfast and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork, and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure."

Hawthorne was a sturdy and resolute man, and any heap of manure that he attacked must yield; but he had not come to Arcadia to sweat and blister his hands, and his blank and amused disappointment is evident. He had a subtle and pervasive humor, but no spirits. He sees the pleasantness of the place and the beauty of the crops, having knowledge of them and a new interest in them; and he has a quiet conscience because he feels that he is really doing some of the manual work of the world; but he is always a spectator, a critic. He went to Brook Farm as he might have gone to an anchorite's cell; but the fervor that warms and adorns the cold, bare rock he does not have, and the mere consciousness of well-doing is a chilly abstraction. "I do not believe that I should be patient here if I were not engaged in a righteous and heaven-blessed way of life——I fear it is time for me—sod-compelling as I am—to take the field again——Even my custom-house experience was not such a thraldom and weariness; my mind and heart were free. Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified!" Very soon, of course, the pilgrim to Arcadia escapes from the manure-yard, and declares as he runs that it was not he, it was a spectre of him, who milked and raked and hoed and toiled in the sun. Hawthorne remained at Brook Farm but a few months, and after he left never returned thither, even for a visit.—EASY CHAIR, *Harper's Magazine.*

CHANGES.

And oh! what changes we all know,
Long years can bring in one small place,
In names and shapes, from face to face,
As souls will come and souls will go:
And here, where hills have all stood fast,
While babes have come and men have passed,
The wind-stream softly seems to sigh,
"Man's life-time glides away as I."

The child may open here his eyes,
Long miles away to live a man,
The mother here may end her span
Of life, where no dear daughter lies.
As time steals on from day to day,
And nothing stands at one same stay,
The wind-blast softly seems to sigh,
"Man's life-time glides away as I."

As clapper-sounded bells ring fast,
They tell the moments out, and clocks
That slowly sound by knocks on knocks,
May tell how daily hours have pass'd;
In Sunday chimes a week is fled,
In Easter knells a year is dead,
And airy bell-sounds seem to say,
Like us man's life-time glides away.

Barnes's Rural Poems.

THE HORSE IN AMERICA.

THE New York Lyceum of Natural History met on Monday evening at the Mott Memorial Library on Madison avenue, and discussed divers scientific matters. The greater part of the evening was passed in reviewing the merits of our American horses. Capt. Gilmore of the British army, who has been sent to this country by his Government to study its natural history, was introduced by Prof. Joy, and said:

The American trotting horse has long been a subject of investigation by European naturalists. In certain particulars he is much superior to the English horses. An American horse can trot a mile in 2:20. No English horse has done it in less than three minutes. Moreover, an American horse can trot twenty miles in an hour. No English horse has attained this speed. The question is, then, why do American horses excel in this particular? He had endeavored to account for it. The horse was not indigenous to this country. He had been introduced by the Spaniards. Probably the charger of Cortez was the first horse that ever trod on American soil. In the first battles, the Indians, unacquainted with the animal, were terrified by his appearance and fled. The Spaniards, perceiving this, introduced cavalry. Through the thousand chances of a campaign, these horses became detached from the army, and were set loose on the plains. De Soto, when setting sail on the Mississippi, also liberated the animals his company had used.

From these sources sprung the innumerable herds of horses peopling the Western prairies. The mustangs are unquestionably the Spanish horses. They are smaller, it is true, but this can be accounted for if we remember that they are uncared for, and are exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Remembering that American horses are of Spanish descent, we can account for their excellence as to others. Spanish horses were largely improved by the Moorish horses, and the character of the barb is well known. Coming from a country that is mountainous and full of ravines, it is necessary that his motions should be extremely cautious. Hence his trotting. On the other hand, the English animal, originally of a coarse, ugly breed, was improved by admixture with the Arabian. This animal, coming from the desert, was a swift, galloping animal, of great endurance, not requiring much water, and extremely beautiful.

The American horse preserved his resemblance to the Barbary horses; the English thoroughbreds, were similar to those of Arabia.

THE OLD WORLD SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er in our land till now was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old World Sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,
But snug built homes on the friendly tree;
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old World Sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Flint so well describe
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray,
And the nectarine, by the garden walk,
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk,
Who signs with his crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek,
In vain, to escape that busy beak,
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,
For the Old World Sparrow at last is here.

Hearth and Home.

REGULARITY OF HABITS.

MUCH attention has deservedly been paid of late years to the building up of the physical constitution. In a newly settled country, where regular labor is necessary, and the mind not overtasked, there are but few cases of prolonged ill-health; but when wealth increases and the necessity of manual labor ceases, the leisure thus afforded is generally filled either by a close application to mental pursuits or by devotion to a luxurious and, perhaps, dissipated mode of life. Either of these exclusively pursued will produce the physical deterioration so commonly the accompaniment of the continued pecuniary prosperity of a community. But an intelligent people will soon perceive this evil, and apply all their energies to guard against it, and to seek regenerating influences. Thus, while twenty years ago New England was striving only after intellectual development, and large proportions of the children of the wealthy classes were born with the seeds of consumption, or other kindred disease, there is now a marked improvement in physical culture. So in wealthy circles all over the country physical exercise is becoming fashionable.

This renewing of physical exercise in different forms is a most valuable step in the work of building up a strong physical constitution, which we hope to see extensively carried out in every portion of our land, and especially in all our cities, where the duties of life are necessarily so often sedentary. We must, however, remember that physical exercise is but one step—an important one, certainly, but by no means the only one in this work. The formation of regular habits of life is still sadly neglected amongst us, and until it becomes fashionable to eat moderately, and only at stated intervals, to sleep sufficiently, and during the hours of the night, and to exercise regularly, but not excessively, we are yet far from having reached the right point in physical culture. There are few who know, and still fewer who realize, the evils to the physical system of irregularity in habits. There is a power in all living beings of repairing damages caused by attacks from external agencies, and the lower we go in the scale of existence, the stronger that power becomes, so that even when a portion of the body is removed from some of the lower orders of animals, a new one will grow; and in many worms and other insects the parts thus severed will supply the necessary organs, and each become a separate existence. That this fact is still more evident in the vegetable kingdom, every one who has grown a plant from a slip is aware. This power, then, though existing in man, is less fully developed; and the teeth are probably the only organs, that once removed can ever be restored.

But so far as the union of broken bones, the healing of wounds and the resistance of nature to diseases, this power is inherent in all and is greatly regulated in its strength by the habits of the individual. A system of attack and resistance is constantly going on in the frame of every one of us. The power to restore increases with the regularity of the attack, but if the frame is attacked at uncertain times and with irregular force, the constant vigilance necessary to resist must before long wear out the strength of the constitution. Proper exercise, pure air, nourishment and recreation, are like the withdrawal of the attacks, and if these are made regular the attacks will also be regular, and the resisting power will have time to accumulate. It has been abundantly proved that six hours of sleep, taken at regular and proper times, are equal in recuperative energy to eight taken at uncertain periods; and regularity of eating and drinking, of toil and rest, of study and play, will conduce far more than is now commonly believed, to the grand work of building up a fine, vigorous and healthy constitution. No keenness, or culture of intellect that fails to recognize every part of health culture, no wealth, no morality, not even a religion that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection can ever be a permanent force in the world.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ANCESTRY OF THE PEN.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C.

Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superceded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1586 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection.

The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day, were used.

JAMES PARTON writes in *Packard's Monthly:* "If you look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life, the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys—it is simply the truth of science."

ELECTION OF DEACONESSES IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—At the annual meeting of Plymouth Church, on Friday evening, one of the female members was voted for to fill the office of deacon. Mr. Beecher said that as soon as three deacons had been elected, he would offer a resolution providing for the election of three deaconesses, to assist the deacons in the performance of their duties as visitors of the sick and poor. This course was adopted, and the question was discussed, several members opposing Mr. Beecher. The resolution was adopted by almost a unanimous vote, and Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Fanning and Mrs. Walheimer were chosen the first deaconesses of Plymouth Church.

DANTE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The following lines were written about the time of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, which was celebrated in various parts of the civilized world in May, 1865. If they have any interest for the reader, they will owe it in a good degree to the recent admirable translations of Dante's great poem, which have familiarized the American public with the character of his mind and what he did for his own age and the ages which succeeded him—the translation of the entire poem by Longfellow, in which the naked grandeur of the original is reproduced with a severe fidelity, and that of the "Inferno" by Parsons, remarkable for the ease and spirit of its rendering.

The allusion in the last stanza of the lines here given will be readily understood to refer to the history of our own country for the year 1865.

Who, midst the grasses of the field
That spring beneath our careless feet,
First found the shining stems that yield
The grains of life-sustaining wheat;

Who first upon the furrowed land
Strowed the bright grains to sprout and grow,
And ripen for the reaper's hand—
We know not, and we cannot know.

But well we know the hand that brought
And scattered, far as sight can reach,
The seeds of free and living thought
On the broad field of modern speech.

Midst the white hills that round us lie
We cherish that Great Sower's fame;
And, as we pile the sheaves on high,
With awe we utter Dante's name.

Six centuries, since the poet's birth,
Have come and flitted o'er our sphere;
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year.

Atlantic Monthly for January.

JOHN BRIGHT uttered these noble words in his late speech at Edinburgh: "More than thirty years ago, when I was very young indeed, in my beginning to think about public affairs, in reading the prose writings of John Milton, I found a passage which fixed itself in my mind, and which time has never been able to remove. Milton says 'Yet true eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth.' And I have endeavored, so far as I have had the opportunity of speaking in public, to abide by that opinion. So far as I am able to examine myself, during the thirty years that I have been permitted to speak at meetings of my countrymen, I am not conscious that I have ever used an argument which I did not believe to be sound, or have stated anything as a fact which I did not believe to be true."

PHOTOGRAPHING by moonlight is attracting great attention in England. A photographer of Glasgow, it is stated, has, by using the light of the moon, succeeded in producing several landscapes and marine views, which are wonderfully faithful reproductions of the scenery represented. These pictures have been prepared for the stereoscope, and give an entirely different effect from that produced by sun-light views.

INVOCATION.

O LYRIC Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

The Ring and The Book.—Robert Browning.

The dying exclamation of the Emperor Augustus, "Has it not been well acted?" An essay on the misery of being always under a mask. A vail may be needful, but never a mask. Instances of people who wear masks in all classes of society, and never take them off even in the most familiar moments, though sometimes they may chance to slip aside.

Here is an Englishman—a through-going Tory and Monarchist—upholding everything English, government, people, habits, education, manufactures, modes of living, and expressing his dislike of all Americanisms; and this in a quiet, calm, reasonable way, as if it were quite proper to live in a country and draw his subsistence from it, and openly abuse it. He imports his clothes from England, and expatiates on the superiority of English boots, hats, cravats, etc. He is a man of unmalleable habits, and wears his dress of the same fashion as that of twenty years ago.—"*Hawthorne Buds.*"

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REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:
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